Pericula Urbis

Moore.

EXERCISES

IN

LATIN, GREEK, AND ENGLISH VERSE.

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PERICULA URBIS

A SATIRE

AND OTHER EXERCISES

IN

LATIN, GREEK, AND ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

WILLIAM MOORE, M.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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I.

PERICULA URBIS.

A SATIRE.

'*Finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.*'

Erratum

Page 25, v. 9, *for* erat *read* sit

Sæva tamen sonuit vox remigis illa magistri,
'Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi ventre juventus
'Ingemere, et primâ lentescere remus in undâ.'
Continuò ignaros per tenuia transtra *Recentes*
Disposuit, gracilisque tremit sub pondere cymba.
Procubuere; superque instans censura celeustæ
Vexat inæquales remos: at sævior alter

* Is scilicet, quem nunquam satis laudandus Carius in usum puerorum composuit.



I.

PERICULA URBIS.

A SATIRE.

'*Finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.*'

PARNASSO descende: Gradus* Carique libellum,
Musa, nihil nostros scis profecisse labores:
Parnasso descende; humilesque invise paludes
Isis, et humentes ripas, gentemque togatam.

Et nos ergo hodie delectat nulla jocorum
Copia? Nempe agitur toto Comœdia rivo:
Materiemque ipsi sumant ex amne Tragœdi.
Stridit hyems, gelidamque irrorat Aquarius Isin;
Sæva tamen sonuit vox remigis illa magistri,
'Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi ventre juventus
'Ingemere, et primâ lentescere remus in undâ.'
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Eminus e ripâ diro clamore satelles
Acria devexæ jaculatur probra carinæ.
'Septime,' (tu, juvenis, numeris assuesce vocari,
Tu numerus nunc es, natus sorbere bovinas,)
'Heu! quid agis? Fies simplex de remige vector
'Sic tortis humeris. Quid aquam mihi, Quinte, moraris
'Prendere? Quin citius! Truncum oscillare memento
'Quarte, tuum, mediumque cava, lentissime, dorsum.
'Una omnes!' Sic exierint mox octo virorum
Machina, sic tritis sidat Victoria transtris.

In mediis, en! remigio spectanda valenti
Prora ruit devexa, admirandique lacerti,
Queîs Cami parat ulva pares: dat euntibus omnis
Cymba locum, vexillum album venerata carinæ.
Heu! male tum *Guttæ* angustis erratur in undis.
Si quis ibi Cancros, (ea non incognita rivo
Monstra natant,) captans tonsam puer infodit undis,
Aut umbras Orci jussus descendere ad imas.
Obvius horrebit stantis convicia cymbæ;
Aut, si remigium violentior impetus egit,
Naufragus, et gelido submersus gurgite, nôrit
Quot catuli, et fœdæ fluitent in margine feles.

Plurimus et lumbos campestria cinctus, anhelans,
Cornipedis ritu gyri spatia omnia sudans
Exercetur, ut hesterni de tempore cursûs
Exiguum quamvis momentum deterat, et cras

Rursum aliud : neu, quum tulerit certamen arenæ
Summa dies, prius exanimem se in pulvere volvat
Quam vasto octavum singultu expleverit orbem.
Illum ducit amor poclî victricis avitum
Ornaturi abacum. Sed equos contendere credas
Fervet ubi campus stipulantibus, et sonat ingens
Sponsio. Quidni etenim ? Merces hominum quoque carni
Nulla erit ? Hinc aberunt, qui gaudent codice facto
E damno alterius certos educere nummos.
Græcia quippe suâ quondam certabat arenâ ;
Nec labor ingratus victori, ubi carmina vatum
Et spes et plausus et plurima palma suorum
Accepit venientem ; et sancto vespere Phœbi
Aurea tangebat lux Alphea, claraque Pisæ
Marmora, Phidiacumque Jovem, saltusque Lyæos.
Sacra tamen tum fama viros, sacra præmia ducunt ;
In solenne vocat certamen Olympia divos,
Et centum partis sociantur honoribus urbes.
Adde polum sudum, flatusque a monte ferentes
Delicias aurarum, et claro sole nitorem.
Nos, quibus ista placet cineres saluisse per atros
Gloria, et alta petunt plumbeum suspiria pôclum,
Currimus invitâ tellure atque aëre et auris.
At Graius solas mos afficit ille palæstras ?
Nonne novam formam nostræ invenere puellæ
Incessûs, Graioque sinu sua corpora flectunt ?
Scilicet hoc ævo placitum est ; via peccat eundi,

Quam docuit Natura, et crebescebat in illo
Tempore, quo stipat non omnem femina cœtum.
At non Graia hodie cursori sufficit illa
Simplicitas: non parva comas evinxit oliva:
Concisum argentum in titulos, inscriptaque vasa
Præmia victorum statuunt; ingentia pridem
Ruperunt loculos jam cælatoribus æra;
Fervet opus cultris tot duratura metallo
Nomina felici sculpentibus; oraque pinxit
Mira virûm, jussitque suis prostare fenestris
Institor, et grandes mirantur compita suras.
Quis non hæc propter sudaverit ultima? quis non,
Horrenti nive, quis gelido non frixerit imbri?
Quamquam tot spatiis pulmo miser usque terendus,
Tot nitendi orbes, quot dum malè nota rogaret,
Nil respondentes ille Appius alter *arabat*;
Quot sacra mane cubant per tintinnabula alumni,
Pocula quot juvenes reddunt epota disertos.
Dira laborantûm interea vox provocat agmen;
Jamque immensa virûm jactans spiramina Camus
Se negat et binis contentum millibus; ergo
Vos agite O rerum quibus inclinata recumbit
Gloria nostrarum! duplici jam rumpite cursu
Ilia, jam duplices tentigine ducite nervos!
Ite et nudati tria millia currite; et octo:
Quin potius tectorum apices conscendite summas,
Victor ut evadat certamine, quisquis ab imo
Viva pavimento salientia crura reportet.

Et quum membra adeo juvenilia tale fatiget
Certandi cacoëthes, idem nonne inficit ipsa
Ingenia, ut 'Primas' pretio quocunque requirant?
Omnia certando fiunt: et turpe relinqui est:
Nec jam res ipsas, sed rerum præmia curant.
En! juvenis, quem jam propior tortoris imago
Atque cruces turbant quas tractandas schola ponat,
Exulat immersus studiis in devia rura
Secum, nec cœtus æquales curat adire.
Haud illum, quum nauta furens, et pessima plebs est,
Grassantem aspicias *Alto* sub nocte Novembri:
Ocius insanam Quintam fugit:* ocius illo
Qui, quum prisca sui petit institor æra libelli,
Sepsit se 'quercu' trepidans, et abesse videtur.
Quippe dolet, sic fama, caput, quod fuste dolatum est,
Luminaque excruciant miseros contusa legentes.
Grande etiam certamen adest. Quæ gloria Classis,
Quos labor ille ferat fructus, tum nôris, ubi hora
Tertia præteriit scribentibus, atque magistri
Blanda requisivit vox tradere quemque papyros;
Non tamen ulla viris requies, non secius omnes
Incumbunt studio ingenti, calamusque molestos
Dat strepitus, urgente manu: juvat addere chartas,
Dumque alii scribant nugas, tot scribere et ipsum.

* Cf. Virg. *Georg.* i. 277:

'Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satæ.'

Mirâ quidem prudentiâ videtur Virgilius innuere Nonarum Novembrium, qui apud nos fuit, tumultui, sævisque illis execrationibus (ὅρκοις) horrificisque leti minis, quas Duumviri vicis pacandis ægre cohibebant.

Dî cunctis Primas Classes! Tuque, optime, si vis
Esse aliquid, Quartæque tuum non addere pondus,
Nec (sortem infandam!) numeroso in *Gurgite* mergi,*
Scribe quod Austinum sapiat, Millumve dicacem:
Non hic Romuleæ tua summa peritia linguæ
Profuit, aut Graii Primas meruere lepores;
Mille solœcismos liceat fecisse Sophistam.

At tibi dura legens, non infortunia soli:
Quid juvenes, queîs contingit sub vesperis horam,
(Cogit enim matrona,) meram sorbere Boheam,
Crustulaque urbanis circumvehere uncta puellis?
Quam linguam oppressit juvenilem tempus iniquum,
Et quota captivis virgo se jactat alumnis!
Stant passim, vittati omnes, ceu victimæ ad aras,
Gurgite bombycum absorpti: tanto agmine vestis
Femina se cinxit propriæ, cohibetque regressum.
Jamque omnes nugas de tempestate locuti,
Aut vacuo capiti si quid præsentius adsit,
Expectant blandi, (jam cantatrice vocatâ,)
Haud raro auditum carmen, 'Rivumque' perennem,†
Cui finis cursus nullus datur: illa canendi

* *Gurgite.*—Fabula antiquior est, gurgitem quondam subito se aperuisse in mediâ Aulâ scholarum. Responsum datur petentibus quomodo claudatur, injiciant eò rem quam habeant vilissimam. Proinde Vice-Cancellarius lictores jussit vincire eos, qui, quum honores ambiissent, nullam tamen classem adepti essent. His in barathrum detrusis solida, ut ante, fit terra. Mos solennis inde examinatoribus traditur, quem cinctu Gabino habiti quotannis servant.—*C. V. G.*

† 'For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.'—*Tennyson.*

Prodiga percussit chordas, versante papyros
Ad nutum puero: tum immensis plausibus omnes
Finitum melos excipiunt, et singula laudant.
Tres tandem fugere horæ: tu tristior exis,
At liber: non nunc lateri tua futilis hæret
Dextera, non mancæ statuæ nunc figeris instar;
Exarsere ignes solâ non nocte vetandi,
Et lassum ingenium reficit tibi fumus avenæ.

Sollennes vero cum Commemoratio pompas
Instituit, matresque tulit, gracilesque sorores,
Cum patre quæsitam vix sufficiente crumenam,
Ne nostros, peregrine, nimis, ne despice mores.
Pauca tibi præcepta canam, quæ ferre memento.
Area si quando te ceperit ipsa Theatri,
Ne toga, ne summo quamvis textore galerus
Albescat, peregrine; color deterrimus albo est.
Multi candentis damnati crimine vestis
Explosi didicere loci non temnere divos.
Neve ubi Doctorum processit contio, et ista
Acceptura Gradus series augusta virorum,
Mireris, si tradendos stetit inter honores
Tota cohors, utcunque velint Anabathra jocari—
Emeritos Anabathra sales jaculantia cunctis:—
Neve quod eloquium fundens ad rostra Professor,
Sive erit Orator,* non exaudita locutus
Verba per adversum strepitum, vappamque jocorum,

* Scilicet Publicus.

Auditore virum jam tum plaudente, residit.
Hæc mera libertas verborum est. Attamen audent
Facta etiam.*—En! Piscem serâ de nocte Loquacem
(At non lingua valet crudelem flectere turbam)
Corripit e lymphis manus ebria patriciorum:
Ille toris miser insolitis interque cadurcos
Sternitur expirans inglorius: improba Fama
'Res haud illepida est, periit si belua' clamat:
'Quid quod adest pretium Piscis qui ponat in ore,
'"Magnaque debetur violati pœna cadurci:"
'Non hæc excusant calida et generosa juventas,
'Aurea quos turpi distinguit spira popello?'

Neve admireris, ripas ubi curritur Isis,
Atque carinarum longo ordine pompa movetur,
Si lintre excussos juvenes ante ora parentum
Videris incassum studio gestire lavandi.
Si nescis, jocus est. Ne quæras garrulus ultra,
Nam se ridiculos natos facere anxia mater,
Et veste in madidâ gaudet vidisse fluentes.

Interea quoque fœmineos mirabere cœtus,
Ut late infusâ via virgine quæque coruscet.
Tempore non alio, matre inducente, leæna
Acrior erravit vicis: per templa, per hortos,
Per loca adorandæ robiginis usque vagandum est,
Partesque assidui nomenclatoris agendæ,

* Quod fiebat per Saturnalia Commemorationis ann. MDCCCLXIII.

Insatiabilibus si vis placuisse puellis.
Et quædam, jam mane novo, stipata Theatri
In cuneis spectatur: eam chorus omnis amantûm
Plaudit inexpletum, plaudit vestemque coloremque,
Atque avias, amitamque, et totâ gente propinquas.
Mox eadem labente die festa Atria quærit
Apta choro, pendetque iterum saltantis ab armo:
Vincere Sol oriens lychnas, et fundere lucis
Dira suæ per virgineas discrimina formas,
Cornuaque et chordæ, lasso tibicine, cessant;
Illa tamen raptat, nondum satianda, per orbes
Consortem juvenem, nec custos addita mater,
Multum questa, potest retinere, nec optimus ille
Progenitor toto proflans jam pectore somnum.

At datur his olim finis, fugit ipsa leæna;
Solaque per vicos jam Longa Vacatio regnat:
Discessus juvenum satiræ tulit huic quoque metam.
Sed graviora manent, doctas si ponere frontes
Fas olim, crimenque sequi majoris abollæ.

II.

BUT the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude:
More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
And if it came at last, hark and rejoice!
There blush'd no summer eve, but I would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
The shepherd's pipe come clear from aëry steep,
Mingling with ceaseless bleatings of the sheep.
And never was a day of summer shine
But I beheld its birth upon the brine:
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
Wide o'er the swelling streams: and constantly
At brim of day-tide on some grassy lea
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
The poor folks of the sea country I blest
With daily boon of fish most delicate:
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers upon a sterile beach.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

II.

At mihi præcipuum vitæ mortalis honorem
Pax immota dabat: nec enim mihi carior hora,
Quam quâ pendentis strato sub fornice saxi
Per longos sperata dies vox sancta profundi
Impulit arrectas dulcedine seriùs aures.
Nulla sub æstivam rubuit mihi Vespera noctem,
Quin tenui narem subvectus lintre secundum
Littoris acclives sylvas, si fistula quando
De rupe aëriâ caneret, mixtique sonarent
Assiduo balatu agni. Nec mane nitebat
Æstivo splendore dies, quin de sale lucem
Nascentem aspicerem: noctes namque usque serenas
Ducebam excubiis, dum, cœli limine aperto,
Latiùs Oceani tumidos efflaret in amnes
Mane suos ignes Phaëthon, aurumque coruscum.
Ortâ adeo vix luce, herbis mihi lina jacebant
Ad solem diffusa, at me sopor altus habebat.
Inque diem pisces, quotquot fovet ora colonis,
Delicias maris, appono: quæ munera, cuiquam
Incerti referantne deo, lætantur egeni,
Suaviaque incultam conspergunt serta per oram.

III.

So WAS HE lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds move
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view,
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty City—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cærulean sky.

WORDSWORTH.

III.

SUBLATUM lentis manibus gessere coloni,
Et tristi sub fasce domum vestigia vertunt.
Et mihi densatæ per longa volumina nubis
Sectanti, jamjamque pedes in aperta ferenti,
Panditur ante oculos species clarissima rerum,
Qualis nec vigilanti olim traluxit imago,
Nec placidum cuiquam per somnum oblata fefellit.
Namque in secessu longo immanique barathro
Ætheris, egregiæ moles apparuit Urbis:
Hæc facies mihi prima fuit ; neque nomine justo
Quid fuerit memorare licet: sic densa per auras
Tecta columnarumque ingens mihi sylva videtur
Vertier in sese, longoque reducta recessu,
Ceu splendens penetrale, incassum quærere finem.
Aurea murorum et gemmis distincta coruscat
Congeries, argento apices, et tecta domorum:
Altius assurgunt vitreas tabulata per auras
Hortorum: tum clara auro prætoria regum
Ordine collucent recto: turresque minantur
Culminibus: queîs stellanti frons dædala cinctu
Mille coloratur gemmis, longeque relucet.
Quippe suis Natura modis miracula tanta
Ipsa dabat, sparsos fingens in monstra vapores:
Quos dextrâ formabat, ubi cessere voluti
In rupes altosque sinus, montemque supinum,
Atque ibi cæruleâ posuerunt castra sub æthrâ.

IV.

SRONG god of arms! whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honoured most;
There most: but everywhere thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thine own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot withers e'en the strong;
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer
If aught I have achieved deserve thy care:
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dared the death unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustained,
That she I love by conquest may be gained.

DRYDEN.

IV.

O DEUS armipotens! rigido qui jure tyrannus
Marmor Hyperboreum, qui frigore dura Trionum
Regna premis, Scythicumque gelu: cui Thracia paret
Ora, tibi quæ servat equos, tibi reddit honores
Præcipuos: quanquam nullâ non numen in orâ
Stet tibi, et arbitrio solus potiare duelli,
Te penes ille pavor belli, cui currus eunti
Heroum incusso vires terrore retundit:
Tum fusæ sine lege acies, tum cladibus instat
Dedecus, at lassas reficit vis addita turmas.
Ne tamen, ingentes adeo tibi nactus honores,
Ne nostras contemne preces: te si qua merentis
Cura mei tangit, stricto si cominus ense
Fata sequens extrema, manus dare nescius hosti
Prælia conserui, patrium neque cernuus agmen
Destitui: jam nunc oro te, magne, triumphi
Auspice dilectam bello duxisse puellam.

V.

THEN I:

'Follow me, O most miserable men!'
And, speaking, I began to foot the waste
Backward, toward the city: all the while
Fearing to look behind me, like a man
Who, being made against his will to walk
At midnight through a charnel, walks in haste,
Dogged by the unseen forms of his own fears.
I saw no cloud; and yet the winds arose.
The faint light of the unfathomable heavens,
Thick-sown with shivering stars, made the dark plain
Darker. And infinite the darkness seemed.
Sometimes cold gleams from bare gray sepulchres
And ghastly ruins broke the boundless gloom:
Sometimes, upstarting, spectral aqueducts
Ran by us, and plunged headlong down the night:
Far off, at times, the wail of windy reeds
I heard; and heard, at times, high overhead
The howlet's cry; at times, beneath my foot
The cavernous ground gave forth a hollow groan.

R. LYTTON, *Paraphrase from Krasinski.*

V.

'O MISERI ante alios, quin mecum insistite,' clamo,
'Pone viam!' Nec plura viris effatus in urbem
Vertebam per tesqua pedes: nec deinde retrorsum
Respicio, sic recta tenet mihi lumina terror:
Ceu qui defossos Manes et lurida busta
Invisens trepidus grassatur nocte per umbras,
Cogit enim sors dura, pavetque sequacia monstra,
Millia quot vanâ delusus imagine fingit.
Murmura jamque mihi, sudo tamen aëre, venti
Prima volutabant: sublimisque altius æther,
Frigidulique ignes, et stellis consita regna
Sublustri nigros contristant lumine campos,
Altior et solito nox intempesta silebat.
Jam per funereas moles et nuda tropæis
Busta nitor mediâ extrusus caligine luxit,
Jam more ingentis larvæ prope ductus aquaï
Currit, et in celeres præceps evanuit umbras.
Interdum ad ventos longe exauditur arundo
Mota queri; jam sublimis dedit acrem ululatum
Noctua, jam tellus caveis exesa remugit
Sub pedibus.

VI.

SO SPAKE he, half in anger, half in scorn:
And one long cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people ; so he spake ;
And turning, left them there: and with brief pause,
Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved.
There by the river banks he wandered on
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers;
Where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
Might wander all day long and never tire.
Here came the king, holding high feast at morn,
Rose-crowned; and ever when the sun went down
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets, foamed with wine,
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

M. ARNOLD, *Mycerinus.*

VI.

DIXERAT, atque illum fastusque irasque locutum
Audierat populus, longusque per omne remugit
Concilium fremor, et luctu stupet inscia turba.
Ille pedem referens, hilari cingente coronâ
Cunctantes liquit; gelidamque haud immemor umbram
Dilectosque petit lucos: ibi fluminis errans
Margine perpetuo mutat palmeta meatu,
Felici nemora hospitio: queîs sole cacumen
Læve sub adverso resplendet, gramine caudix
Lucifugus penitus, densoque in flore latescit.
Qualia deposito deceat fervore Juventam
Incolere, et longos securam carpere somnos,
Inve dies lustrare, pedes neque solvere lætos.
Huc succedebat medio rex solis abacti
Curriculo, roseâ devinctus tempora vittâ,
Ducebatque dies epulis: at, sole cadente,
Inter tranquillos centum funalia lucos
Per ramos vulgata umbrisque micantia lucent,
Apparentque intus convivia læta tumultu
Jam medio, structæque dapes, atque ora bibentûm,
Et spumante auro carchesia: quæ super alto
Obtentu folia, ut fusco laqueata metallo,
Argenteas Lunæ findunt offensa sagittas.

VII.

SOME fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humblebee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish:
He takes what he at first professed to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

COWPER, *Conversation.*

VII.

Ast aliis non ulla capit tentamina molle
Ingenium: modo tu nimium, modo parcius æquo
Feceris officio, vanasque impenderis artes.
Horum igitur si cui conaberis acre locutus
Captare auriculas, perdit vox alta tenellum
Sinciput, ut strepitu magno penetrabile: voce
Si modo summissâ faris, jam plura nocebis
Improbus, et bombi lentos imitabere cantus.
Jam nimium arripiunt solem per claustra fenestræ,
Et malè sollicitus deducis vela ; sed illi
Nox ruit: hiberno jam tempore frixit, et ignes
Erigis: ambusti crimen tibi fiet amici.
Cervina in mensâ fervet; piscem ille requirit:
Si mullus ponetur, eo non surget orexis
Prima cibo: jam despectum vorat helluo piscem,
Ipsaque jam tumido præstabit dama saporem.
Triste supercilium interea, nec grata voluptas
Fit cœnæ, dum cuncta avido deglutit hiatu.
Omne perit tibi propositum, victusque residis,
Si morem gerat ipse sibi, Dîs forte benignis.
At propriam ingeminat curam miser: utque placebant
Vix studium, moresque tui, sibi non placet hilum.
Scilicet aut se ipsum semper vexare juvabit
Aut alios: ea sola homini jam gratia restat
Tu quidcunque facis, misero ingratoque videri.

VIII.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields.
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
Ah! sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

VIII.

QUID lacrymæ? quo tandem ortu volvuntur inanes?
Nescio quo luctus divini gurgite natæ
Cor illæ subiere, et obortis lumina complent
Fontibus, Autumno quoties læta arva tuentis
Acta dies subitâ pertentat imagine mentem.
Qualis enim lux suave micat per candida primùm
Carbasa ab exsilio subvecti nuntia amici,
Et quæ digressu mœsto per vela rubescit
Altera, dum condit pelagus carissima; mœsta
Sic redit illa dies, sic suavem induta colorem.
Ac velut obscurum vix experrecta sub ortum
Sæcla avium insuetos edunt morientis ad aures
Concentus—illi ante oculos miscetur inertes,
Sublustrisque natat trepido speculare fenestra—
Sic insueta dies, sic flebilis, illa recursat.

IX.

AND LO, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spoke to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden Dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists, and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

TENNYSON, *Guinevere.*

IX.

En! Rex digressu supremo limen ad ipsum
Conscendebat equum: monachæque ad frena fre-
quentes,
Triste ministerium, stabant, dextrâque tenebat
Quæque facem: quibus ille dabat mandata, relictæ
Conjugis ut vitam curis, quam longa, foverent.
Tum galea orantis vocem demissa premebat:
Aurea cui patriæ intortum fert crista Draconem;
Nec videt illa virum, nec divino instar in ore,
Quale erat: at summum nimbo irrorante galerum,
Lychnarum adversum radiis splendere Draconem
Argumentum ingens cristæ spectabat, et altum
Latius incendi, ceu caldâ aspergine, noctem.
At rex ora abiens jam tum conversa tenebat;
Quem velut immanem mediis in Manibus umbram,
Implicuit vapor obscurâ sub luce volutus,
Orbibus involvens orbes: ille usque videnti
Nigrescit, jamque ipse cavi sub imagine nimbi
Visus in haud dubiam ex oculis incedere noctem.

X.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
  Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
  And softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that play, the tints that glow
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

X.

INCEDIT formosa, ut Nox innubila quondam
  Sideream carpit clara per astra viam.
Quicquid et obscuri, quicquid sit amabile lucis,
  Omnia sic vultu miscuit illa suo,
Ut referat miti lumen sublustre nitore,
  Quo datur ardenti non radiare die.

Demseris inde jubar, sive unam appinxeris umbram,
  (Sic facies cultu non imitanda nitet;)
Dimidio perit illa comis quæ gratia fuscis
  Fluctuat, et placidâ luce per ora subit:—
Ora bonæ mentis suaves referentia motus,
  Et sanctam, ingenio subter alente, domum.

Inque genis, frontemque super tam molle comantem,
  Tam plenam eloquio, quamlibet ipsa silet,
Risus amabiliter ludens, visque illa colorum,
  Indicat exactos simplicitate dies;
Indicat immotæ quæ sit concordia mentis,
  Virginis ut puro pectore manet amor.

XI.

AT the last limits of our islè,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
The deep outstretched and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.

And while, amid the silent dead,
Thy hapless fate he mourns,
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns.

Like thee, cut off in early youth
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much-loved Stella, died.

Him, too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The poet and the song.

XI.

INSULA longinquum qua se subducit in æquor,
  Obviaque occiduo volvitur unda sinu,
Questus ibi tua fata, fideli pectore vates
  Assidet et tumulum solus et ossa colit.

Dumque sedet, pelageque alta immensasque profundi
  Fixus in obtutu tristè tuetur aquas,
Increpuit quiddam chordis: at flebile carmen
  Per freta correptum flamina rauca ferunt.

Te Manes inter tacitos sectatur, et audet
  Ah miserè abrepti plangere fata tua:
At sua sarta parum crudescunt vulnera eunti,
  Et desiderium jam vetus omne redit.

Namque tuos imitata dies, eademque secuta
  Fata, juventutis flore decora novo,
Ipsa etiam primos Stella immatura per annos
  Sola viri consors deliciæque perît.

Jamque illum, cantantem adeò, vis improba Fati
  Non exorandam cogit abire viam:
Sic et vatem ipsum et quæ verba novissima fundit
  Unda feret rapidis una eademque fretis.

XII.

FAREWELL! on wings of sombre stain
That blacken in the last blue skies
Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring on thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds.
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers
And April smiles to sunny hours;
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights,
Full of soft breath and echo lights,
As if the god of suntime kept
His eyes half open while he slept.
Roses shall be where roses were
Not shadows, but reality;
As if they never perished there
But slept in immortality.
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright
As if its source was in the Sun.

T. HOOD, *The Departure of Summer.*

XII.

JAMQUE vale! ferrugineis si discolor alis
Ultima per cœli cærula radis iter,
At, Dea, te rursus lucentia papilionum
Millia deducent, turba corusca, domum.
Cujus in adventum Ver omnia trudet ad auras,
Quanta columnarum germina fundit apex.
Frondiferasque avium sedes, ubi tenuia quondam
Ora melos, pullos ova reclusa dabunt.
Induet in florem sese tum gemmea pubes,
Sudior explebit Phœbus Aprile jubar;
Tum nitidi soles, tum noctibus aura sub almis
Lenis, et incertum lux imitata diem,
Sicut et in somnis vigilarent ipsa Diurni
Lumina, non omni condita parte, Dei.
En! iterum biferis recidiva rosaria in hortis
Florebunt veris non simulata comis,
Qualia per brumam non ulli obnoxia damno
Credideris tutâ viva quiete frui.
Tum pertentabunt mundum nova gaudia, et Anni
Flumina, ceu quondam, luce refecta ruent,
Ut micat in venis sanguis novus, utque corusco
Funditur a solis fonte perenne jubar.

XIII.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks the quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed,
Beloved till Life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

XIII.

AT, dilecta, tuum ad tumulum, sine marmore gramen,
  Rite manus juvenum virgineæque ferent
Florea primitias quot odorum parturit hora,
  Veris et arripient suaveolentis opes.

Non planctu immissi Manes, non voce molestâ
  Audebunt luci jus violare tui ;
Rustica sed veniet pubes, et prodet amanti
  Plurima secretam victa puella fidem.

Non anus insistetve venefica, larva vel istum
  Nocturnos ducet per nemus ulla choros;
At Lemurum manus alma sacris operabitur herbis,
  Induet et roris gemmea dona solum.

Quin pia gaudebit de nocte rubecula primâ
  Tenue ministerium suppeditâsse tibi:
Et strue canentis musci, rostroque coactis
  Floribus ornabit teque tuumque torum.

Horrisonis quoties ventis, atque imbre crepanti
  Agrestem casulam turbida vexat hiems;
Seu medios inter diversa per æquora cursus,
  Te mens pastorum, te pia cura colet.

Te loca rursum oculis, quæ semotissima reddent
  Rite tibi juvenum lacryma prona cadet;
Quem dum Vitæ aderit quid amabile, restat amare,
  Plangere dum Pietas ipsa superstes erit.

XIV.

WE left behind the painted buoy
  That tosses at the harbour mouth,
And madly danced our hearts for joy
  As fast we fleeted to the south;
How fresh was every sight and sound
  On open main or winding shore;
We knew the merry world was round
  And we might sail for evermore.

How oft we saw the sun retire,
  And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his ocean-lane of fire,
  And sleep beneath his pillared light.
How oft the purple-skirted robe
  Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
  Again we dashed into the dawn!

New stars all night above the brim
  Of waters lightened into view;
They climbed as quickly, for the rim
  Changed every moment as we flew;
Far ran the naked moon across
  The houseless ocean's heaving field,
Or flying shone, the silver boss
  Of her own halo's dusky shield.

XIV.

DESERIMUS Pharon, et nautas arcentia signa,
Quæ fluitant brevibus versicolora vadis;
Lætitiâque micant corda exsultantia, ponti
Ultima dum sequimur regna Notumque fugâ;
Queîs curvum littus, pelagusve legentibus altum
Cuncta sonos, facies cuncta dedere novas;
Nec festæ nos meta viæ, finisque vagandi
Continet; æternum sufficit orbis iter.

Sæpius ah! solem tum condebamus in altum,
Quum sero Hesperias ureret igne fores,
Atque suæ lucis medio de calle cadentem
Flammarum premeret longa columna deum.
Sæpius et roseâ prætexta crepuscula luce
Lapsa videbamus desuper usque trahi,
Quum pelagi prævecta latus sub nocte quietum
Præripit Auroram nostra carina novam.

En! nova continuo noctem, quam longa, supremo
Æquore ab undarum sidera clara ruunt;
Ut cita conscendunt æthram, sic limes aquai
Limitem in alternum, nave volante, cadit.
Luna etiam inculti trans arva undantia ponti,
Nuda aciem, longam præcipitare viam;
Seu fugiens parmæ velut umbo argenteus atræ
Orbis inardebat cincta vapore sui.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
  High towns on hills were dimly seen,
We past long lines of northern capes,
  And dewy northern meadows green.
We came to warmer waves, and deep
  Across the boundless east we drove,
Where those long swells of breaker sweep
  The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

By peaks that flamed, or all in shade
  Gloomed the low coast, and quivering brine
With ashy rains, that spreading made
  Fantastic plume or sable pine;
By sands, and steaming flats, and floods
  Of mighty mouth we scudded fast,
And hills, and scarlet-mingled woods
  Gleamed for a moment as we past.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
  How swiftly streamed ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burned; at times
  With wakes of fire we tore the dark:
At times a carven craft would shoot
  From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs, and flowers and fruit,
  But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

Vidimus et formas scopulorum culmina in omnes
Vertere, et obscuris oppida celsa jugis ;
Propter et Arctoas vecti longo ordine cautes,
Prataque quæ gelido rore rigata virent.
Immensum jam nacti Oriens et mollius æquor
Ultima pernici scindimus ære freta,
Quà caryis sata saxa et aromate littus odorum
Proluit immani longior unda sinu.

Interdum ruptis juga celsa ardere caminis,
Littora vel nimbo sternere quassa suo,
Dum cinis in pinus faciem curvata comantis
Vulturis ut tetri spargitur ala polo.*
Propter arenarum tractus, camposque tepentes,
Ostiaque effusis prævehimur fluviis ;
Et colles mixtoque rubentes murice saltus
Hausimus oblatum lumine quemque brevi.

O quota tum tellus, quot ditia littora præter
Flumine ceu celeri lapsa nitere ratem !
Jam vulgo ardescit pelagus, vestigia cæcis
Ignea jam signat rapta carina fretis.
Jamque sinus linquens Nympharumque antra reducta,
Emicuit parvæ sculptile lintris opus,
Pomaque deliciasque ultro floresque vehebat :
At dona inceptum nulla morantur iter.

* Plini *Epist.* vi. 16 : Nubes, incertum procul intuentibus ex quo monte (Vesuvium fuisse postea cognitum est), oriebatur, cujus similitudinem et formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus expresserit. Nam longissimo velut trunco elata in altum quibusdam ramis diffundebatur, credo, quia recenti spiritu evecta, dein senescente eo destituta aut etiam pondere suo victa in latitudinem vanescebat.

For one fair Vision ever fled
  Down the waste waters day and night;
And still we followed where she led,
  In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
  And fixt upon the far sea line;
But each man murmured 'O my Queen
  I follow till I make thee mine.'

TENNYSON, *The Voyage.*

Namque fugax visa est, specie pulcherrima, Quædam
  Cedere per vastas nocte dieque vias:
Hanc avidi—spes urget enim prævertere euntem—
  Insequimur miram per freta longa ducem.
Nec tamen et vultum fas aspexisse: supremo
  Ora tenet semper limine fixa salis:
Quæ voto optantes mussamus quisque: 'Magistra
  Tu, Diva, errandi, tu mihi finis eris.'

XV.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
  So loud with voices of the birds,
  So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
  On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
  By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged caves
  A song that slights the coming care,
  And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
  To myriads on the genial earth,
  Memories of bridal or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,
  Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
  To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

XV.

Sic tu resurgis, lux mihi lugubris,
Quâ morte raptus flos periit virûm ?
Tot carmen argutum volucrum,
Totque boum tulit aura voces ?

Sic rupta nimbi murice luridi
Micas scatenti in vortice rivuli,
Qui prata defuncto sacrata
Prævehitur, memoresque lucos

Ævi prioris ? siccine in ædium
Frondente tecto murmura succinis,
Oblita venturæque pestis,
Utque linat vagus igne frondes

Auctumnus ; almisque halitibus mones
Diversa mundo millia nuptias
Lucesque natales ; vel acta
Funera commemoras amicûm ?

O quot dolentes terra animas polos
Inter quietos dissociaverit,
Angore non discorde nostro
Casum hodie sibi quæque luget.

XVI.

O SWALLOW, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
And dark and true and tender is the north.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in
And lay me in her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, swallow, that thy brood is flown.
Say to her I do but wanton in the south,
But in the north long since my nest is made.

XVI.

O QUÆ tendis iter plagas ad Austri
Hirundo, super aureum residens
Tectum, quæ refero tibi volanti
Nostris deliciis refer puellæ.
Cui tu—nam pariter Notique et Austri
Nôsti temperiem—tenebricosum
Hunc dicas, stabilem fide, benignum,
Illum flammiferum, trucem, infidelem.
Quòdsi radere tecum iter liceret,
Lapsus per patulam illius fenestram
Ultro carmina mille pipilarem,
Æternum liquidos canens amores.
Si nunc induerem alitem figuram
Ut me sub gremium foveret illa
Exceptum, niveas vibrante sursum
Cunas pectore, donec interirem!
Cur desiderio indui recusat
Pectus, qualis ubi novos amictus,
Quamvis sylva comis virescat omnis,
De tot fraxinus una demoratur?
Pullos jam volucres refer peregre
Aufugisse tuos; mihique dudum
Liber qui modo luderem per Austrum,
Structum sub Boreâ latere nidum.

O tell her brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.

O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her and pipe and woo her and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

Dic illi breve tempus esse vitæ,
At durare diu doceto amorem;
Hic æstate brevem nitere solem,
Illic nocte brevem micare lunam.
O quæ deseris aureas hirundo
Sylvas, dulcisono ambitu locuta,
Nostras argue nuptias puellæ,
Ipsum me cito nuntians sequentem.

XVII.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art—
They strike mine eye, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

XVII.

QUORSUM munditiis studere semper
Convivæ similem, comasque odore
Semper pulvereo, linique nardo?
Quamvis principia artium latescunt,
Tamen, Cynthia, nonnihil verendum est,
Sincerum ut niteas, probeque fragres.

Mallem te faciem referre, qualis
Cultum simpliciorem honestet ipsa:
Mallem te proprios dedisse crines
Passos sic temere, stolamque laxam.
Hæc mî valdius Arte blandiuntur:
Quæ, si lumina tentat illecebris,
At non intima tangit usque corda.

XVIII.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt;
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is coming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good array
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfullst day that ever sunne did see.

* * * * * *

Loe where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.

XVIII.

PROPRIUM mutat mea nupta limen :
Virgines, linguis tacitis favete !
Integrique O vos pueri, satelles
Turba mariti,

Ordine expectate virum parato,
Et diem justo celebrate cultu,
Lætior quâ non subit ulla claram
Luminis oram.

* * * * *

En ! ut incessu graditur severo
Illa, lætantûm comitata cœtu !
Qualis emensura polum diurnis
Cursibus Eos

Deserit splendens thalamum, propinquat
Candidum velamen amicta virgo :
Cœlitum credas aliquam relicto
Fulgere Olympo;

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proude.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

SPENSER, *Epithalamium.*

Sic sinus castam decuere formam:
Aureique instar fluit involucri
Flava cervicem coma per venustam,
Aurea fila

Crinium tractu referens: et inter
Vitreo fulsere colore gemmæ,
Atque gemmantûm redolet per omnem
Copia florum.

Quin premunt frondes caput, ut corolla
Principem pagi viridis puellam;
Lumen at defixa solo pudicum
Illa virorum

Fugit adversos oculos; suasque
Audiens laudes rubuit dicari,
Quas tot ingenti pueri et puellæ
Voce celebrent.

Sic malo mentis caret illa fastu:
Ne tamen clarum reticete carmen,
Donec a sylvâ referatur omni
Vocis imago.

XIX.

LAUS ELEPHANTI.

(Versiculi aliquot carminis in feras hominum arte domitas conscripti.)

At neque montanas acuens vis ignea tigres,
Nec tibi cornipedum certaret robur equorum
Laude, Elephas memorande; tibi prædator agrestis
Cedit aper, rabidique assurgunt jure leones.
Grandia enim quoties moliris pondera crurum,
Plantâque immani terram premis, intremere omnis
Visus ager, longumque dedit sylva ima fragorem.
Nescio quem montem turritis ire columnis
Aut Rhodium credas lucos habitare Colosson,
Tantâ mole gigas collisam proterit herbam!
Ille tamen captus nostro non defuit usu:
Tædia seu patitur, vestitus murice dorsum,
Dura viæ, stimuloque aurigæ pungitur acri:
Seu docilis movet ignaros in retia fratres

Ipse suos: seu bellator supereminet ingens
Ferratas acies, et eburnea porrigit arma.
Tum gravidam gestans armato milite turrim
Exaudit mugire tubas: quæ murmura lætus
Haurit, et adversas vasto metit impete turmas.

MILO.

Καὶ πῶς, ὦ φθονερὸν τύ, δεῖ ἄκρατες ὧδε γοᾶσθαι;
Ἦ κα τὸ μεμνᾶσθαι μᾶλλον πρέπεν, ὅσσ' ἐδίδασκον,
Ἀστυκά, κοὐκ ἀγροῖκα,—παλαίσματα, κλίμακας, ὤσεις·
Τέχνᾳ τοι κἠγὼν πύκτας ἄκρος ἐξεγενήθην.

ÆGON.

Χρηστῶς τᾶς τέχνας, χρηστῶς μάλα, τᾶμος ἐπαῦρον,
Εὖτε Τιτόρμῳ* γ' ἄντα πελωρίῳ, ὅς με λέλογχεν,
Πυγμαχίαν συνέμισγον, Ὀλυμπίκῳ ἔνδοθ' ἀγῶνος·
Βάλλον δ' αὖ πάντως ἀνεμώλιον, ἔκ τε μετώπω
Ἱδρὼς μευ κοχύδεσκε, ῥύαξ ἅτε πύρφορος Αἴτνας·
Κἄστην δὴ πληγαῖς μεθύων· καὶ πάντ' ἐκύκλωτο,
Ἕλληνες, στάδιόν τε, καὶ Ἄλφεος ἀργυροδίνης·
Ἦ που πόλλα θεῷ Πολυδεύκεϊ, πόλλα δ' Ἀθάνᾳ
Ἠράμην, ὅκ' ὀδόντας ἔχων καὶ τρεῖς ἀπεχωροῦν.

MILO.

Δεινὰ τὺ θήν, ναὶ Μοῖρας· ἀγυμνάστῳ μαλ' ἐῴκεις·
Ὀψιμάθης τις ἀεὶ τύ, φίλ' Αἴγων, τίς τ' ἐπιλάσμων·
Ἀλλὰ χρόνῳ γὰρ ταῦτα μελήσεται· οὗτος ἅπαντα
Ἐς τέλος ὤφειλεν· τί γάρ; ἄνερος, ὅς ρα δίαυλον
Νίκασεν, μέμνασαι;

* Herod. vi. 127:—Τιτόρμου τοῦ ὑπερφύντος τε Ἕλληνας ἰσχύϊ, καὶ φυγόντος ἀνθρώπους ἐς τὰς ἐσχατιὰς τῆς Αἰτωλίδος χώρης.

ÆGON.

ἀκμάν γ' ἐγώ· ὡς ὁ μελιχρὸς
Ἴθυσεν πεδίοιο, πρόσω δ' ἔφθαξεν ἑταίρους·
Ἶνες δ' ἐν κνάμᾳ καλλισφύρῳ, οἷαι Ἄλεντος
Χοιράδες ἐν δίναισιν ὑπόβρυχοι, ἔσταν ἐναργεῖς,
Θεσπέσιόν τι θέαμα· καὶ ὡς δρόμον ἄνυε γραμμαῖς
Ἐν πυμάταις, ὡς πάντες ἐπεπλατάγησαν ἀολλεῖς!
Ποίων δ' ἐκ προγόνων, ποία τέ ἑ θρέψεν ἀρούρα;

MILO.

Ἔντι Διακτορίδας Σκοπαδᾶν γένος·* ὃς μελετάσκεν
Πολλὰ μὲν ἀμπέδιον Κραννώνιον, ἐς δέ τε Πῖσαν
Πόλλ' εἷρπεν, πρὰν τῆνο κομαῖς ἀναδάσατ' ἄεθλον·
Καὶ νῦν Κλεισθένεος Σικυωνίω ἐν μεγάροισι,
Γυμνασίῳ κἀν δαῖτι, πανήμερον ἀμφ' Ἀγαρίστας,
Αὐτὸς ἐὼν μναστὴρ τρισκαιδέκατος, ποτερίσδει·—
Οὔ τοι σμικρὸς ἀγὼν ἀρετῆς ἕνεκ' οὐδ' ἀκονιτί.

ÆGON.

Ἥσθην δὴ μεγαλωστί, παναγύρει ἄνιχα μέσσᾳ
Ἄνερας ἐς Σικυῶνα λίγυς προκαλέσσαθ' ὁ κᾶρυξ·
Ἦνθον γὰρ κἠγών, ἦνθον, ναὶ Πᾶνα, μετ' ἄλλοις,
Αἴκα μὴ Αἰτωλεὺς ὠλέθριος ὧδέ μ' ἄφυσσεν.†

MILO.

Βῶς ποκ' ἀτιμαγέλασεν ἔσω πόλιν·‡ ἀλλά, φίλ' Αἴγων,

* Herod. vi. 127. † Herod. vi. 126.
‡ A Greek proverb for some strange event (βοῦς ἐν πόλει).

Τόσσον λᾶθος ἔχει σ' Ἀμαρυλλίδος, ἇς ποκ' ἐράσθης;
Αὐλῶ θ', ὦ τὺ κορᾷ ποκ' ἐν ὤρεσι ποππυλίασδες;

ÆGON.

Μῖλον, ἐλαφρὰ τὰ πάντ' ἀποδημήσαντί γ' ἔγεντο·
Τοῦτο τὸ φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀμαχανέοντος ἔρωτος·
Νῦν δ', ὁ πρὰν γὰρ ἔρως οἰστρεῖ πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἰόντα,
Τίς μοι τὶς θέλξις καταλείπεται; ὃν τ' ἀπὸ Πίσας
Ἥκοντ' οὔτε λόγω τινὸς ἄξιον, οὔτ' ὀνομαστόν,
Σκώψεται οἶδ' ὅτι τήνα, ὅτ' ἀλιθίαν ὁδὸν εἶρπον.

MILO.

Θάρσει γ'· οὐ γὰρ πᾶσ' ἀδαμαντίνα· ἀλλά τυ γὰρ πρὰν
Ἄγρια δὴ κἀγροῖκα λαλῶν τὰν παῖδ' ἐφοβάσας,
Θαύματά κα λέξειας, ἃ πανδόκος Ἆλις ἐφαῖνεν,
Τὸ στάδιον, τοὺς Ζᾶνας,* εὔπυργόν τε τὸν Ἄλτιν·
Πομπάς τ' ἐν τᾷ νυκτὶ θέρευς μέσω· εὖτε Σελάνα
Καλὸν ἐπ' Ἀλφεῖον φέγγος χέε, καλὸν ἐφ' ὕλαν.
Ταῦτα χρὴ μύθισδεν ἐρωτύλῳ ἄνδρα παλαιστάν.

ÆGON.

Ναὶ Δᾶν, καὶ δεῖπνον τὸ θεωρικὸν ἐν Πρυτανείῳ,
Ὃν τὺ τόκ' οἵ τ' ἄλλοι νικάφοροι ἔνδοι ἔλεσθε.

MILO.

Καὶ ποτιδών τυ θύρασιν ἐτάκεο· καί τι τελευτῶν
Κρῆς μέγα φωράθης σιτεύμενος· ἀλλ' ἄγ', ἀνάστας·

* The statues of Zeus in the Altis.

Αδε Κρότων ἀνὰ κῦμα· πόλεως ὅδε, θᾶσαι, ὁ κρῆμιος.

Ἦ, καὶ δείελον ἤδη ἐπήλυθεν ἐκ Δίος ἧμαρ,
Κὴξ ὀρέων διὰ λαῖτμα μακραὶ σκιαὶ ἐκτετανύντο·
Χὰ σῦριγξ ἐρεταῖς μέλος ἄχειν· ἁ δὲ τριήρης
Πρῶνα θοῶς ὑπέκαμπτε, βαθύν τ' εἰσέδραμε κόλπον.

XXI.

BIRD of the greenwood
  O why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
  Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet water
  Far hence is at play,
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

Where the mast quivers
  Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
  Of wild-rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
  With storm and with spray.
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
  Some brighter land
Where by the south wind
  Vine leaves are fanned?
Midst the wild billow
  Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

XXI.

Ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς
Ὄρνις, τί δ' ἔνθαδ' ἥκεις;
ἄνθη γὰρ οὐ πρόχειρα,
οὐδ' ἔνθα φύλλα θρώσκει·
ἀπόπροθεν δ' ἄναλμον
ὕδωρ τὸ πᾶν καχλάζει·
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

Πάλλων γὰρ οὐ παρέξει
ἕδραν βέβαιον ἱστός,
οἵαν δονούμεν' αὔραις
τὰ δένδρα καὶ ῥοδῶνες·
τί δὴ πάθῃς ζάλαισι
ὄμβρῳ τε δυσμαχοῦσα;
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

Ἀλλ' ἦ προσήλιον γῆν
ζητούμενος παρέπτης,
ἵν' ἠρέμ' ἀμπελώνων
σείει νότος τὰ φύλλα·
τί δὴ πολεῖς βραδύνων
ἀμείλιχον τόδ' οἶδμα;
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

XXII.

Vernon. I SAW young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.

SHAKESPEARE, *First Part of King Henry IV.*
Act IV. Scene I.

XXII.

Ο. Νεανίαν δ' ἐσεῖδον, Ἕρρικον λέγω,
πλευράς τε καὶ πρόσωπον ἐξωπλισμένον,
καὶ πάντ' ἀκριβῶς ἐς μάχην κεκασμένον·
ὡς δ' ἥλλετ' ἐκ γῆς ἀρτίπους, πτερωτὸς ὣς
Ἕρμης, ἐς ἕδραν θ' ἱππικὴν καθέζετο,
σκῆψαι χαμᾶζε δαιμόνων φαίης τινὰ
οἷόν θ' ὅμως φλέγοντα Πήγασον στρέφειν
σπεύδειν τ' ἄπο ῥυτῆρος ἐν πείρᾳ δρόμου,
δεικνύνθ' ἅπασιν ἱππικῆς κλεινὰν χάριν.
Ω. μὴ δῆτα τόνδε μὴ σὺ μηκύνῃς λόγον·
πλεῖον γὰρ ἦρος ἢ τὸ φῶς δυσήλιον
ἔπαινος οὗτος ἡμὶν ἐνθρέψει νόσους·
οἱ δ' οὖν ἰόντων· θῦμα δ' ὥσπερ ἄρτιον
Ἄρει πυρώπῳ πάντας εὖ κνισωμένους
σφαγαῖς τε φοινιχθέντας ἐντυνώμεθα.

XXIII.

ECSTASY!

My pulse, as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skim and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption ruining all within
Infects unseen.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene IV

XXIII.

Τί φῄς τόδ'; ἦ μ' ἐκστάντα τῶν φρενῶν λέγεις;
καὶ μὴν τό γ' αἷμα τοὐμόν, ὡς τὸ σόν, ῥοπῇ
ἴσῃ φορεῖται, κοὔτι πλημμελὲς πέλει·
οὔ τοι νοσοῦντ' ἔλεξα ταῦτ' ἔπη· τί γάρ;
εἰς πεῖραν ἐλθὼν αὖθις ἐνδατούμενος
τὸ πᾶν διεξέλθοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἐμμανὴς
παίζων ἂν ἐκτράποιτο τῶν πρόσθεν λόγων·
πρὸς ταῦτα, μῆτερ, σ' ἄντομαι, πρὸς σῇ φρενὶ
μὴ δὴ προσάψῃς χρίσμα μαλθακὸν τόδε,
ὡς οὐ τάδ' ἡ σὴ φθέγγεται πονηρία
μᾶλλον δ' ἐμὸν λύσσημα· τίς γὰρ ἀμπέχειν
κακῶν ὕπουλον ἕλκος ὠφέλησις ἦν,
εἰ λοιμὸς ἔνδον ἀσκόποις ὀρύγμασιν
πρόπαν μιαίνων σῶμ' ἐλάνθανεν πάλαι;

XXIV.

Aëcius. GET you from me!
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do I not bear my last hour here now sent me?
Am not I old Aëcius ever-dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bear me,
'Tis treason and the strength of disobedience,
And if ye tempt me further ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety! when my death,
Ten times more glorious than my life and lasting
Bids me be happy! let the fool fear dying.
Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
I wait but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go give your tears to those who lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries: for me wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing pæans to my praise:
I am to triumph, friends, and more than Cæsar,
For Cæsar fears to die: I love to die.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Valentinian.*

XXIV.

Ἔρρετ' ἐκποδών·
Οὐχ οἱ κρατοῦντες ψῆφον ὥρισαν φόνου,
ὥσθ' ὕστατον τόδ' ἦμαρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρᾶν;
ἆρ' οὐχ ὁ θνήσκων αἰὲν ἐν βίῳ γέρων
Ἀήτιος πέφυκα; προσφιλῶς ἐμοὶ
δοκεῖτε δήπου ταῦτα νῦν παραινέσαι,
ἔργῳ δ' ἀπειθεῖς ἔστε κἄπιστοι θρόνοις·
κλαίοντες αὖθις ταῦτα νουθετήσετε·
σκηνὰς ἔγωγε καὶ φυγὴν σωτηρίαν,
εὖτ' ἀστενάκτως αὐτίκ' ἂν τοῦ πρὶν βίου
κλέος θ' ὑπερβάλοιμι καὶ μνήμην θανών!
θανατὸν προταρβεῖν ἄφρονος· παθὼν δ' ἐγὼ
οὐ νῦν τὸ πρῶτον καρτερεῖν διδάξομαι·
ἀλλ' εἰ φιλεῖτέ μ' οἷα δὴ φιλεῖν πρέπει
φονεύσαθ'· οἷς γὰρ τοῦτ' ἀναγκαῖον μένω·
τί δὴ μαθόντες κλαίετ'; ἆρ' ὧδ' ἀθλίως
ἔχων δίκαιός εἰμι δακρύων τυχεῖν;
τοὺς μὲν στερέντας τοῦ πρὶν ἀξιώματος
οἵᾳ ξύνεισι πημόνῃ δακρύετε;
ἐμοῦ δὲ μᾶλλον τοῦ θανουμένου χάριν
κλάδοις στέφεσθε, πίνετ' ἀμπέλου γάνος,
εὔφημα παιανίζεθ' ὡς νικηφόρῳ·
νίκης ἔγωγε Καίσαρος μᾶλλον κυρῶ·
κεῖνος γὰρ ὀκνεῖ κατθανεῖν· φιλῶ δ' ἐγώ.

XXV.

YET a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course: nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again:
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone.—Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

W. S. BRYANT.

XXV.

Σὲ δ' οὐ διέξυσ' ἡμέραι πολλαί, τέκνον,
καί σ' οὐκέτ' ἐν τῷ παντὶ προσβλέψει δρόμῳ
ὁ πάντα λεύσσων Ἡλίου κύκλος πάλιν·
οὐδ' ἡ μυδῶσα χθών, ὅπου νέκυν σέθεν
ἐθάπτομεν κλαίοντες, οὐδ' ὁ πόντιος
κόλπος τὰ λοίπ' ἐναργὲς ἀμφέξει δέμας·
ἀλλ' ἥ σ' ἔθρεψε Γαῖα τὰς βλάστας σεθὲν
αὖτ' ἀξιώσει συμμιγεῖς γαίᾳ λαβεῖν·
ὥστ' ἐκδεδυκὼς πᾶσαν ἀνθρώπου φύσιν,
οὐδ' ὢν κατ' αὐτὸν αὐτός, οἰχήσει μιγεὶς
ἀεὶ παλαιὰν ἐς κατάστασιν χθονός·
πέτραις δ' ἀδελφὸς ταῖς ἀναισθήτοις ἔσει,
κἀμηχάνοις βώλοισιν, ἃς τις ἀγρότης
στρέψας ἀρότρῳ κάρτ' ἐλάκτισεν ποδί·
ῥίζας δ' ὑπεῖσαι μυρίας πάντῃ δρύες
τὴν σὴν περῶσιν ἐντετηκότος κόνιν·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐρῆμος οὔθ' ὁμιλίας δίχα
χωρῶν ἐς ἀείφρουρον ἐγκείσει μυχόν·
καὶ γὰρ γέροντας τῆς νέας χθονός σεθεν
ἕξεις συνεύνους· ἐν δὲ κοίρανοι πάλαι
ἀρχαιόπλουτοι, χοἰ σοφοὶ κεκμηκότες,
πολιοί τε μάντεις, τῶν τε πρὶν μορφαὶ καλαὶ
τῆς γῆς ἔχουσι τόνδε πάγκοινον τάφον.

XXVI.

I MET a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
'Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
'Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
'And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
'Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
'Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
'The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
'And on the pedestal these words appear:
'"My name is Ozymandias, King of kings.
'"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
'Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
'Of that colossal wreck boundless and bare
'The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

SHELLEY, *Sonnet.*

XXVI.

'Εκ γῆς δ' ὁδοιπορῶν τις ἀρχαίας ἐμοὶ
κύρσας ἔλεξε τοιάδ' · 'Εν μέσᾳ χθονὸς
ἐρημίᾳ πελώρι' ἵστασθον λίθου,
νόσφιν παρέδρου σώματος, σκέλη δύο ·
πέλας δὲ κεῖται κατακεχωσμένον μέσον
πρόσωπον ἡμίκλαστον, οὗ χείλων πλοκή,
ὡς πικρὸν ἐντέλλοντος, ἀγγέλλει σαφῶς,
ὡς κάρθ' ὁ γλύψας κεῖν' ἐγίγνωσκεν πάθη,
ἃ τὴν πλάσασαν χεῖρα τό τε θρέψαν κέαρ
νικῶντ' ἐν ἀπνόοισιν ἔμπεδον μένει ·
γραφὴ δ' ὕπεστιν · ΟΖΥΜΑΝΔΙΑΣ ΚΛΥΩ
ΑΝΑΞ ΑΝΑΚΤΩΝ ΕΡΓ ΑΘΡΗΣΑΝΤΕΣ ΤΑΔΕ
ΟΥ ΜΗ ΜΕΘΗΣΕΥ ΕΛΠΙΔ Ω ΜΕΓΑΣΘΕΝΕΙΣ.
περίεστι δ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο · πλὴν ἐρειπίων
κείνων σαπείσης ὥσπερ ὁλκάδος περὶ
φυτευμάτων ἄμοιρα, τερμόνων ἄτερ,
ψάμμων ἐρῆμα πέδια τείνεται πρόσω.

XXVII.

Ocean. HE sunk to the abyss? to the dark void?
Apollo. An eagle so, caught in some bursting cloud
On Caucasus; his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length,
Prone, and the aërial ice clings over it.

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound.*

XXVII.

Ω. *Ἆρ' ἤριπ' ἐς κευθμῶνα; κἀς σκότον κενόν;*
Α. *ὡς ἐν καταρραγέντι Καυκάσῳ νέφει*
πίτνει τις, ἐμβρόντητά τ' αἰετὸς πτερὰ
δίνῃ θυέλλων ἐμπλακείς, τά τ' ὄμματα
τὰ πρόσθεν οὐ μεμυκόθ' ἡλίου βολαῖς
ἀργῇ τυφλωθεὶς ἀστραπῇ· βαρεῖα δὲ
βάλλει χάλαζα σῶμ' ἀγωνισθὲν πόνῳ·
τὸ δ' αὖ τελευτῶν πρηνὲς ἤριπεν βίᾳ,
ὕπερθεν ἐμπεπηγὸς αἰθρίῳ κρυεῖ.

XXVIII.

O FRIEND, it seems, when first our lives begin,
When we, fresh mariners, first hoist the sail,
On favouring seas by favouring breezes borne,
As though the bark of our felicity
Could never be ornately trimmed enough,
Nor be enough full-freighted with delights;
As though each thing we wanted were a wrong
Done to us;—so we loosen from the land.
But what another lesson will anon
Be learned; and of them who claimed so much,
Deeming it all too little for their needs,
Some will be thankful if one broken plank
Of all their tempest-shattered bark remain,
Bearing them up above the salt-sea foam
Of this world's infelicity to shore.

XXVIII.

Ὅταν γάρ, ὡς ἔοικ', ἀφορμῶντες βίου
ἡμεῖς τὸ πρῶτον, ὡς κυβέρνηται νέοι,
ἀρώμεθ' ἱστί', οὐρίαν πόντου πλάκα
ὑπ' οὐρίαις πνοαῖσιν ἐξανηγμένοι,
μέλλει τὰ καλλωπίσματ' ὀλβίας σκαφῆς
χὴ ναῦν γεμίζουσ' οὐκέτ' ἀρκέσειν χλιδή·
ὡς πάνθ', ὁσώνπερ ἐνδεεῖς πεφύκαμεν,
ἀτιμίαν ἔχοντα πλεονέκτῃ φρενί·
τοιαῦτα δὴ φρονοῦντες ἐξορμώμεθα·
οἵαν δὲ γνώμην, ὦγαθ', ἐκμαθήσομεν
νέαν μεταλλαξάντες ἐν χρόνῳ φυσίν·
οἳ γάρ ποτ' ἠξιώμεθ' ἐκ πολλῆς ὕβρεως
χρέος τοσοῦτον καὶ τόδ' ἐξάρκον μόγις
πρὸς ἐσχάτων δή· στερκτέον χρείων τινὶ
ναὸς ῥαγείσης εἴπερ ἐξ ἐρειπίων
ἀλλ' ἓν περίεστι κωπίον σεσωσμένον,
ἐφ' ᾧ σαλεῦον οἶδμα ναυστολῶν ἅλος
ἐς γῆν δύσομβρον ἐξαλύξεται μόρον.

XXIX.

NOX erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras: sylvæque et sæva quiêrant
Æquora: quum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu;
Quum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque ardua dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,
Lenibant curas, et membra oblita laborum.
At non infelix animi Phœnissa: nec unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit; ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.

Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat:
En! quid ago? rursusne procos irrisa priores
Experiar, Nomadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sim toties jam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur classes, atque ultima Teucrûm

XXIX.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FOURTH ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

'Twas Night, and creatures of the land and deep
Drank the sweet slumber that the weary sleep.
Now sinks the strife of wood and raging ocean,
Stars in high zenith wheel with noiseless motion.
No voice is heard upon the silent wold
From plumaged birds, or from the slumbering fold:
Whoe'er the tenants of wide gleaming lake,
Or the dark shadows of the bosky brake,
Couched in deep sleep beneath night's canopy,
And lulled to sweet forgetfulness they lie.
But not the poor Phœnician. Night's still call
Charms not her eyelids, or her bosom's thrall;
Back on her heart redoubled passions roll,
And Love's returning current floods her soul.

Thus she began and communed with her woe:
Ah! wretch deluded, whither shall I go?
Make trial now of those I scorned to wed,
And sue the honour of a Wanderer's bed!
Ah no! embark amidst the crews of Troy,

Jussa sequar? quiane auxilio juvat ante levatos,
Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti.
Quis me autem, fac velle, sinet, ratibusque superbis
Invisam accipiet? nescis, heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedonteæ sentis perjuria gentis.
Quid tum? sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes?
An Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
Inferar? et quos Sidoniâ vix urbe revelli,
Rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela jubebo?
Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
Tu, lacrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti!
Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam
Degere, more feræ, tales nec tangere curas:
Non servata fides cineri promissa Sychæo!

And serve for ever in their base employ,
Because forsooth I helped them in their need,
And Trojan hearts can ne'er forget the deed.
If thou couldst dare it, what triumphant lord
Will take an alien on his proud shipboard?
Thou know'st not yet, though ruined and alone,
The perjured sons of false Laomedon.
Shall I with those wild crews unguarded go?
Or press with all my Tyrians on the foe,
Urging once more upon the wind-swept foam
Men torn unwilling from their Sidon home?
No, die, as thou deservest!—It will sever,
The unflinching steel, thine agony for ever.
'Twas thou, my sister, whom my tears could move
In that mad moment of my rising love,
To plunge me headlong in this depth of woe,
And unprotected hurled me on the foe.
'Twas not for me to lead the wild-wood life,
And never know the bondage of a wife,
Nor e'en to keep the promise that I gave
In the last parting o'er Sychæus' grave.

XXX.

NICIAS.

THUCYDIDES, VII. 75–8.

O'ER Athens' columned citadels
And green Arcadia's shepherd dells,
O'er Sparta's rock-encircled valley,
And white sails of the bounding galley
That slowly breaks the Ionian foam,
Straining for Hellas and for home,
The Dawn is coming: on the flow
Of Western waves she reddens now,
And bursting upon Sicily
Her trembling purple floods the sky:
But untouched by her rosy fingers
On each dark hill the night-cloud lingers;
Nor yet the rocks, where dews are streaming,
Upon the precipice are gleaming;
Nor yet the pines—with sombre dress
Covering the craggy wilderness,
Where never climber dare intrude
On Ætna's fiery solitude—

Pierce through the dense-enfolding mist
That wraps them to the mountain breast:
Only from out the grey profound
Is heard afar the cataract's sound,
As rushing from its aëry steep
Onward it dashes to the deep.
But see! before advancing Day
The morning mists have rolled away;
And colours from that magic beam
Flash out upon the winding stream,
And woods in untamed majesty
Toss their bright foliage to the sky,
Where clear above the unnumbered throng
Sweet Philomel begins her song.

But can the light on wood and river
Rekindle hopes now quenched for ever?
The tears that blind the Athenian's eye—
Can they take pleasure from yon sky?
Or loves he now the sparkling wave
That rolls above his comrade's grave,
And drifts toward the death-strewn shore
Each shattered trireme, mast, and oar,
And bursts in idly foaming spray
Far at the entrance of the bay,
Where the chained galleys, firm and high,
Deny him flight and liberty?—

From Syracuse a sound is sent,
And turret, dome, and battlement
Are ringing with the exulting cry
Of pæan-chanting victory:
And beacon-fires are smouldering still
On Euryelus' castled hill,
And high upon Plemmyrium
Bid the Sicilian armies come,
To view the last expiring throe
Of their thrice-baffled captive foe;
And from each inward-gazing glen
The dread alarm of coming men
Sounds o'er the marsh, where silently
Anapus wanders to the sea;
Or seems to sound: each airy breath
To that doomed army whispers death.

Despair has hushed the piercing cry
That rose from thousands to the sky,
When Syracuse, but yesterday,
With one clear pæan swept the bay,
And forward o'er the drowned and dying
Pressed on their ranks in panic flying,
As leaves of Autumn pale and sere
Are crowded on the wind-swept mere.
And he stands there, whom Athens sent
To be the unwilling instrument

Of her ambition's wildest deed:
Whose warning voice she would not heed.
But what if years of fight and storm
And pain have marred his wasted form,
Pain that his country heeding not
Still bound him to the soldier's lot,
And what if power and fame be fled?—
High Duty's laws are never dead.
Lit by a flame within the heart,
They brighten never to depart.
'Tis Athens still that fills his sight,
And breathes within the undaunted might
To save the remnant of her host:
While life remains, not all is lost.

And now another morning shines
Upon their long retreating lines,
And loud the wail is heard again
From the death-cumbered shore and plain.
Onward with unaverted eyes
They pass, where in the gateway lies
The abandoned crowd: they must not see
That last despairing agony;
Though oft a son's or father's groan
Is heard in answer to their own.
But others with last hope still strong
Are following, as they march along;
And to their once-loved comrade clinging

Round his dear neck their arms are flinging,
And wildly calling on their love
With cries and tears that may not move,
Till feebly sinking in despair,
They pour to Heaven their latest prayer.

The last farewell is over now,
And they move forward, mute and slow.
But ever Memory recalls
That voyage from bright Athenian walls,
And hopes that grasped in victory
All treasures of the Western sea;
And then the days which cast their brave
To welter on the harbour wave.
Or slain in fight, no burial given,
To lie beneath the unpitying heaven.
And last the flight from that dread shore
To ills perhaps unknown before
O'erpowers them: and the starting tear
Speaks of the woes too hard to bear.
But Nicias' voice is ever by
To cheer their deep despondency.
'For ills ye cannot now retrieve,
'Forbear, my countrymen, to grieve;
'Forbear the unavailing tear
'For those beyond the reach of fear.—
'The wings of Nemesis which over
'The invading squadron darkly hover,

‘ Are soaring now, for she has spent
‘ Her last wrath on our armament,
‘ And bears to the Olympian king
‘ The tribute of long suffering;
‘ Nor can the offended Power deny
‘ To humbled hearts security.
‘ Look on yourselves: and chase Despair
‘ From out those ranks still firm and fair
‘ With discipline; where'er ye go,
‘ A city terrifies the foe,
‘ Which towers can never fortify
‘ As the brave soul and spirit high.
‘ E'en now from off her unmanned walls
‘ Your own Athene loudly calls
‘ Across the intervening main
‘ Her sons and city back again.
‘ Her breathing sons! her own dear band,
‘ She calls, the active heart and hand—
‘ And not the hulks that strew yon strand!
‘ Of naval pageantry bereft
‘ We, living for our hearths, are left,
‘ And pressing on to friendly soil
‘ Shall win the end of all our toil.’

* * * * *

A few days, and the cup of death
Has stifled that heroic breath,
Drained in the dungeon house, to sate
Sicilia's triumphant hate.

'Twas Syracuse that bid him die,
Where oft in highest minstrelsy
His laureate harp had Pindar strung,
And oft the banquet halls had rung
Loud with the song-inspirèd grace
That told of Hiero's swift race,
And welcomed in the enduring lay
The victor of the bloodless bay.
But none of Græcia's bards e'er shed
The light of song on Nicias' head,
Or let one tuneful teardrop fall
Upon his nameless funeral.
To captive wretch, what song is meet?
Who sings to chronicle defeat?—
Enough for him unknown to lie,
And silence hymn his victory.

XXXI.

TRANSLATION FROM PROPERTIUS.

(I. 20. 17.)

STILL runs the tale how Argo left of yore
Thessalia's docks, and straight for Phasis bore.
Scarce had dark Helle's waters sunk from view,
When Mysia's rocks receive the eager crew;
Stretched on the yielding sand each sinks to rest,
Their sea-worn limbs on leafy couches prest.
But through the woods young Hylas roamed away
To seek the choicer stream that shuns the day;
Him the twin sons of Aquilo pursued,
Zetes and Calais, in wanton mood;
On swooping pinions see them both essay
To kiss his upturned face and fly away,
While nestling in their wings he's borne on high,
And waves a bough to foil them as they fly.
Scarce had they ceased, when ah! too luckless fate!
Away goes Hylas where the wood-nymphs wait.
There lies a spring beneath Arganthus' crest,
A liquid home where Dryads love to rest;
High arched above the wild-wood monarchs stand,
With fruits that bloom unreared by human hand,

While scarlet poppies blush beneath the shade,
And silver lilies deck the watery glade.
Young Hylas, as he plucks the flowery spoil,
Forgets his task for this more pleasing toil:
Next at the spring, all unsuspecting, stays,
And in the mirrored reflex loves to gaze;
Then dips his hand a copious draught to drink,
One shoulder resting on the mossy brink.
'Twas then his beauty fired the nymphs at play
To leave the dance they love, and haste away;
Gently they draw him down the yielding rill;
A little splash—and all around is still.
Afar Alcides calls, his love to save,
But nought save Echo answers from the wave.

FURCULÆ CAUDINÆ:

Carmen Latinum Cancellarii præmio donatum, et in Theatro Sheldoniano recitatum die Junii viii. MDCCCLXIV.

QUALE sub Austrini vexatum flamine venti
Altiùs illisos fluctus, et spumea circum
Æquora proturbat saxum, necdum improbus imber
Necdum undæ, quæ mille mari volvuntur ab alto,
Turritum mersere caput;—te fabula talem
Prisca refert, tantæ gens o! non digna ruinæ,
Samnitum gens dia virûm! quam Roma duello
Æmula frangebat lento, quam pila tot annos
Ferrea circumdans omni de valle premebat.

Nempe ubi Romuleis ingloria cesserat armis
Si qua prius Latias inter caput extulit urbes;
Cum jam parebant, molli quæ Liris aquarum
Agmine, quæ violens longe rigat Aufidus arva,
Una diu,—medios inter, quos stravit inertes
Victoris tanti latè pavor,—una tyranni
Detrectans juga, per cladem, per damna viriles
Servabas animos, libertatemque paternam.

Fortunata situ tellus! si littoris ora
Cæruleis prætenta fretis, et splendida luxu
Oppida non aderant, at puris halitus auris,
At dulci aërios rorans aspergine montes
Imber, at umbrosæ valles tibi: talia fervens
Empta sibi totis Campania messibus optet.
Tum terræ altrici, nulli mutabilis ævo,
Monticolam conjunxit amor, vetuitque vagari
Longiùs;—et quidam patriâ sublimis in arce
Respicit, æstivas pater Apenninus in auras
Ut niveus consurgat; at infrà murmur aquarum
Exoritur, lenique coruscant flamine silvæ:—
Ilicet egregiæ species telluris amores
Spectanti incendit solitos; volat ultor in hostem
Vividus, ut nido pennis Jovis ales ab alto
Lapsus iit, fissisve ruunt de montibus amnes.

Quocircà populos non sic impune per illos
Roma dabat stragem, nec sic sine vindice fato
Cesserunt junctæ pro libertate cohortes.
Vos adeo, heröum cineres, quos Pontius olim,
Pontius antiquæ non ultima gloria gentis,
Haud dubiam in mortem duxit, quando invida vatum
Pagina vos siluit, nec habent facta optima Musam,
Fas mihi tot post sæcla loqui; fas carmine tandem
Illustrem memorare diem, quo alterna laborem
Vestrum etiam, vestras partes, Fortuna revisit:
Plura nefas: hos saltem urnis hos spargere vestris
Restat adhuc seros, mea tenuia munera, flores.

Aspice! quæ nigras inter flectentia valles
Romulidum vexilla micant! queis fertur in armis
Spurius, obsessæ rumore incensus amaro
Luceriæ, non ille æquor tutasque viarum
Jam patiens servare moras! per claustra jugorum
Invia, per raucos avulsis montibus amnes,
Scilicet, et populi medium penetrale ferocis,
Huc molem bellantum, huc longum proripit agmen
Et jam Campanas segetes, notamque reliquit
Planitiem: nec quidquam atri nisi ramea saltûs
Tecta videt; seu forte jugis revoluta Taburni
Nubila inaccessas nudârint vertice cautes,
Altiùs, et pronis torrens effulserit undis.
Demens! non tectas fraudes ea mira canebat
Monte quies, ea cassa sono divortia silvæ?
Mox idem, nec longa mora est, studia ista viamque
Oderis inconsultam, et non fausto alite cursus:
Dum pro plausu hilari, pro longæ carmine pompæ,
Turbam inter remeas dux illaudatus inermem.

Est locus Italiæ prope Caudî mœnia: vallem
Perpetui cingunt montes; cui pinus utrinque
Triste virens, et nigrâ abies inamabilis umbrâ,
Faucibus incumbit biviis: rivusque per imam
Flectitur, et celeres pleno dat flumine tortus.
Apta dolo Martis sedes: ibi saltibus altis,
Quot vada *Vulturni numero, quot ab ilice quassâ

* Cf. Æn. vii. 728.

Consternunt Silam, Boreali turbine, frondes,
Apenninicolæ ferrum lethale recludunt.

Jamque ibat Romana cohors, secura futuri:
Illa per infestas, fatalia limina, fauces
Intrepidos celerare gradus, ultroque patenti
Credere se campo: primus per gramina ductor
Urget equos, pratoque volans decurrit aperto.
Ah! quantis stupet ille oculis, qui vertere pallor
Ora viri! cum claustra tuens rarescere vallis
Ultima, congestas, immania fragmina, rupes
Dejectasque in calle trabes agnovit, et arma,
Arma in transverso dirùm radiantia muro!
Quid faciat? totam rursus transmittere vallem
Cogitur, et fauces iterum tentare relictas,
Si qua fugæ, si detur ibi, si forte potestas.
Nequidquam: huic aditu custos suus: hìc quoque Samnis
Irruerat, strictoque viam mucrone tenebat.

Tum quoque quot summos obsidunt millia saltus
Apparent detecta: altis apparet in umbris
Armorum nitor, et clypei, sublustriaque æra,
Et tuba de patriis ciet agmina dira latebris.
Agnoscunt vocem horrendam, et lethalia signa
Romulidum turbatæ acies. Quam nunc sibi valles
Ignotas, quam tesqua velint non tacta duello!
Quos hosti manet extremas ibi pendere pœnas,

Et sine congressu, sine vulnere, linquere vitam.
Non tamen exercent, sero jam vespere, nulla
Munia castrorum captos: stat inutilis agger,
Stat valli labor; et diro considitur agro.

Nox erat: hesternique silent oblita triumphi
Samnitum castra alta: horas custodia tantùm
Cantando fallit, sparsosque movetur ad ignes.
Latiùs argenteum perfundens Luna nitorem
Tranquillos retegit saltus, compostaque ventis
Rura vagis: hìc stellantes stant clara sub auras
Saxa, giganteæ turres; hìc mollia valles
Vellera, densatæque tenent a montibus umbræ;
Undique suda quies, et plurima noctis imago.
At non qua riguam tendebat clausus ad undam
Venturæ lucis fingens dira omina miles:
Nunc vasto suspectu arces, et scrupea montis
Mœnia collustrat, sopitum sævus in hostem:
Nunc ad ductoris prætoria mæsta recursans
Auxilium implorat vanum: sedet ille coacto
Concilio procerum, et turbæ fera crimina pallet.

Jamque per Eoas, Phœbi prænuntia, pinus
Obscurum tenuis sulcabat purpura cœlùm.
Continuo sua castra,—vocat labor ultimus omnes,—
Romula deseruit legio: pars agmine anhelo
Dumosum scandit montem, Martemque fatigat

Cautibus aëriis hærens ; pars saxea denso
Claustra globo, vanisque aditus assultibus urget :
Non vî, non armis usus : vetat ardua saltûs
Majestas, totâque hostis defensor ab arce.

Ergo ubi dejectos cuneos, crebramque suorum
Dux stragem aspexit, revolutaque corpora leto,
Tum demum revocatâ acie, fessusque residens
Orabat pacem, et palmas tendebat inermes.
Jamque e concilio Pontî responsa retrorsum
Legati deferre : viros non ille cruentum
Poscere supplicium sævus ;—sua sub juga missis
Dat fœdus pacemque ; unam hanc ex hoste requirit
Mercedem, hoc unum vitâ pro sospite munus.

Audiit, et legem, quâ mors non dirior ipsa,
Palluit auditam miles : subiere regressus
Imbelles, socias subiit via fœda per urbes,
Et, longè graviora, suæ ludibria Romæ.
Jam dubium pariter vulgus, pariterque tribuni
Stant mæstos defixi oculos : jam lumine signat
Quisque ducem : tamen ille silet, tectusque recusat
Aut fando sancire graves, aut spernere, pœnas.
Unus erat, qui tandem auctor firmare sodales
Ausus, et ancipites animo depellere curas,
Lentulus, hanc diro rumpebat tempore vocem ;
'Egregias vero laudes hâc morte meremur
'De patriâ, o socii, vacuas ubi milite turres

'Roma videns Samnitum atros considet in ignes!
'Dî genti meliora piæ! Sin quicquid in Urbe est,
'Hic video, legionum, hic spes floremque Quiritum,
'Credite, servati patriam servamus, amici,
'Extinctis cadit illa. Nihil feret ista pudoris
'Deditio, nîl pœna jugi, modo nostra relictis
'Corpora reddantur muris: hæc fana Deorum
'Hæc vidui pretio repetunt quocunque Penates!'
Dixerat; ac veluti, medio cum turbine cessat
Tempestas rupitque atros Sol aureus imbres,
It campo volitans lumen, radioque fugaci
Tranat agros, tranat sata læta, lacusque coruscos;—
Sic vulgi, suadente viro, corda intima verus
Tangit amor patriæ; stat pœnæ extrema pudendæ,
Stat quamvis ignominiam durare ferendo.
Nec mora: progressus Consul deponere pacis
Pignora, sexcentos equites, et jungere fœdus.

Hora adeo fatalis adest: stetit æquore aperto
Triste jugum, turmasque minans expectat inermes.
Quis majestatem lapsam, quis carmine pœnæ
Illius æquaret luctus? En Consul! honesto
Læna jacet detracta humero; nec lictor eunti
Summovet hostilem turbam: per utrinque minaces
Ille acies, aliena trucis per murmura linguæ,
Ingreditur tacitè, et diro se subjicit arcu.
Tum mæstus legionum ordo: dant singula cuncti
Colla jugo, seriesque virûm procedit inermis:

Quos circum densati hostes, et probra superbæ
Illudunt gentis; promptusque in vulnera mucro
Exsiluit, modò torvo animus contemptor in ore
Fulserit, et turpem corda indignantia pœnam.

Jamque jugo summissi omnes, saltuque relicto
Ultima curvatæ condebant agmina valles.
Ecce autem! digressum inter conversa supremum,
Quas fauces adiere, atrâque voragine silvas
Stant retro speculata: oculos sed miscuit imber
Effrænis lacrymarum, et salso rore fefellit.
Cladem illi nunc omnem animis, omnemque repulsam
Concipiunt: odere auras, odere receptæ
Splendorem nimium lucis: jamque ægra retrorsum
Cum gemitu dant terga, et regna invisa relinquunt.

Qui vero tum, Roma, tibi, qui corde furores
Surgere, ut excidium genti meditata rebelli
Obsessos audis cives, pacemque coactam;
Qui gemitus, ut fœdum agmen sine laude, sine armis,
Traxere in muros latebrosaque compita victi!
'Siccine tot nostrûm exuviis impune, tot armis
'Jactet se fallax Samnis, *Corvique triumphos
'Insidiis confisæ artes, cita deleat hora?
'Non ita; quin potiùs reduces abolemus iniquam
'Pacem acie, tantumque nefas: tum sentiat hostis

* The conqueror in the first Samnite war.

'Corda sibi violata, implacatosque Quirites!'
Talia volvebat furiis, et fœdera pacta,
Fœdera solenni dextrâ sancita suorum,
Rejicit impatiens: nec enim de morte remissa
Millia, nec fidei læsæ jam flectit imago:
Arma Patres scelerata, calens fremit arma juventus.

At piget ambages belli, piget impia fraudis
Ausa sequi. Sua victorem, sua plurima tradit
Exitio pietas, ex quo ferrum acre recondens
Imposuit leges, et non placitura Quiriti
Fœdera, nec pactam speravit fallere dextram.
Gens antiqua ruit, longos quæ sceptra per annos
Vindicat Hesperiæ, Romamque retorquet avaram:
Nunc silet exilio tellus, celeberrima quondam
Arva vacant, mutique tubæ sine murmure colles.

Quanquam o! si veteres Furcas, desertaque montis
Ostia,—signat enim tot jam post sæcula *nomen,—
Advena deveniet, si nunc ubi proluit imber
Frondea silvarum tecta, atque avulsa ruinam
Saxa gravem traxere, tamen sibi claustra refinget
Qualia erant, cum circum altam resonantia vallem
Samnitum capti pallerent arma Quirites,
Tum sciet, a quantâ victor nece miserit hostes,
Omnia tum Romæ tangent perjuria mentem.

* Forche d'Arpaia.

'Hinc, credo,' justâ clamabit fervidus irâ;
'Fors captos sola eripuit, speciosaque paci
'Nomina pollutæ nectet mentita vetustas!—
'Non ita fraus ingens Romæ, nec præmia vitæ
'Fœda datæ periere: gemat sua fata vicissim
'Ipsa licet, lapsisque sibi Capitolia templis,
'At pacis Caudinæ, odio bene vindicis ævi,
'Dum rigat hos amnis saltus, hæc dum juga cingunt,
'Viva manent monumenta: manet plorare ruinam
'Insontis terræ, et sævos odisse Quirites.'

CÆSAR IN SENATU INTERFECTUS.

Suetonius, *Cæsar*, c. 81, 82.

*   *   *   *   *   *

Jamque Aurora diem, quo non lugubrior alter
Sperserat Eoo Septenos lumine Montes,
Fatales Idus, tarde subvecta, trahebat.
Tum quoque rumpebat diris Calpurnia fatis
Sponsa viro, tamen ipsa viro non credita, vocem,
Fœmineoque moras luctu nectebat inanes.

Fama est, cum Julî nox intempesta supremùm
Laxaret curas et membra oblita laborum,
Illam inter tenebras ducentem insomnia tristes
Audîsse in præceps ferri prolapsa domorum
Culmina, et impulsu vastum miscere fragorem;
Omine quo pavidam, ut primum lugubre ruberet
Nuncia per bifores auroræ rima fenestras,
Candida miranti circumfudisse marito
Brachia, et, uxoris si quid pia cura moveret,
Conjugis hanc lucem vellet donare timori,
Orâsse, infestæ neu se daret obvius Urbi.

At Decimus, vultu priscos mentitus amores
Quos non promissi fasces, non ipsa redegit

Gallia, militiæ merces ea nobilis actæ,
A Patrum cœtu et Pompejâ nuntius æde
Fictus adest, qui blanditiis et fraude moranti
Expediat curam, causasque refingat eundi.
Ergo consiliis eductus Cæsar iniquis
Per Fora et ipsius quoties testata! triumphos
Compita, crudeles ibat devotus ad aras.
Nec tamen in summo cessârunt cardine rerum
Terrifici, vatum monitus; nec defuit ille
Indice qui scripto insidias, heu serius! omnes
Deferret fœdumque dolum; sed nulla legendi
Copia tum misero; fatis ea sæva voluntas
Constitit, ut tantæ subeuntem limina mortis
Falleret una fugæ, semel objectata, facultas.

Jamque adeo in Campum ventum est, ubi Porticus altis
Postibus in gremium Patres reclusa vocabat.
Unà Cimber eò, et nudum sub vestibus ensem
Casca premens aderat, nec te tua longa, Ligarî,
Tardabat febris, quin membra trementia morbo
In cædem raperes, illaudatumque triumphum.
Scandit atrox Brutus, laterique affixus ibidem
Ipse gradus, en ipse, evadit Cassius altos,
Triste sodalitium;—aspiceres pallentibus ambo
Ire genis, segnesque moras et tarda diei
Tempora culpare; aspiceres in vota vocare
Pompeium, et Phariæ testari crimen arenæ.

Tum demum Cæsar, nullo custode, supremum
Per medios incedit iter: non ille tyrannis
Quæsito auxilio et tutis se sepserat armis,
Sollicito indulgens animo: non lictor eunti
Vibrare horrendas fasces; sed qualis inibat
Balnea, vel mensas hilares conviva petebat,
Solus funestæ succedit Julius ædi.

Janua at ingresso stridenti cardine rursum
Volvitur: æratâ reditum negat objice vectis;
Quo moto, ceu fatidico vacua aula tonitru
Contremit, et fixâ rursum compage silescit.
Olli non voces atque irremeabile limen
Impavido fecere moras; ita lumine rectus
Ingreditur fixo, et solium conscendit eburnum.

Jamque residentem circum subsellia Patrum
Plena crepant: quæ prima inter dux agmina cædis
Conscia disposuit, pacemque imitata decoram
Cinctibus: at ferrum dextrâ trepidante retractat
Quisque intus, dirique tremit primordia cœpti.
Non sic flamma, reçente foco, circumflua lambit
Carbones nitidos, siccumque uligine lignum,
Grassaturque dolo primùm: mox fræna recusans,
Et molles exuta animos, ambesa prehendit
Robora congeriemque incendia vexit in imam,

Nec longa obstabat trepidis mora: poplite Cimber

En! flexo ante pedes ante inscia Cæsaris ora
Sternere se supplex, junctisque reposcere palmis
Frater ab exilio fratrem: similisque petenti
Aversas aures iterumque iterumque fatigat.
Tum vero insidiæ, tum fraus infanda patescit.
Ille etenim, orandi studio, quà laxa fluebat
Circum colla toga, arreptam detraxit, et ulnas
Incauti implicuit nodis;—ea signa frementes
Ilicet agnovere: acies sic ferrea circum
Stricta horret: sic Cinna manum tum primus iniquam
Conserit, obliquo degustans vulnere tergum.
At vero ut ferri persensit frigus adacti,
Ut caluere genæ, duplices ut lumina flammas
Torva vomunt!—credas deprensum in valle leonem
Frendere, cui costas incognita figat arundo,
Et se colligere in parvum, jam jamque minari
Hostibus excidium, dum suadeat ira pudorque
Ultima tentare, atque insueti vulneris angor.—
Quum vero hortantem reliquos, ipsumque coruscam
Ipsum aciem Brutum quatientem vidit, ibi omnes
Collapsæ vires; subit impietatis imago
Acrior infensis telis; subit omnis amorum
Spes fluxa, et junctæ non hæc in fœdera dextræ.
Ergo te, Brute, increpitans, te nomine solum
Morte vocans, miser ora suo fœdata cruore
Et laurus, sanctum capitis gestamen, amictu
Palmato obnubit: tum centum in vulnera lapsus
Condit in æternam frigentia lumina noctem.

Quem, tanquam obtutu tacito vultuque superbo,
Pompeii ex alto magna aspectabat Imago
Imum purpureo violantem flumine marmor.
Illa videbatur, sceptri velut arbitra rapti,
Sancire infandam cædem, et sprevisse jacentem
Sub pedibus; socerique gener jam mutua fata
Ridere, et longos oculis haurire dolores.

* * * * * *

Quin illis referunt misit Sol ipse diebus
Pallidius jubar, aversum ceu conscius ignem
Abnueret terris, cum sic sine vindice fatum
Hunc Patriæ Patrem Romanarumque tulisset
Grande caput rerum: cum cui nihil orbe secundum,
Sic clarâ sub luce, manus stravisset amica.
Tum quoque flebilius devexo a Tibride murmur
Plangere, ceu raptum proprio rumore dolerent
Flumina:—sed stellam, quoties polus igne micaret,
Æthera cum sonitu stupuit tranare colonus
Suspiciens: quo certa fides volitare perempti
Seductam membris animam, et jam debita cœli
Limina transire, ac sedes intrare beatas.

Et tibi, quid, tanto dejectæ principe, Roma,
Deinde manet? Regno quem jam dignabere? Quantum
Hæret opus, quantos resecant tua fata labores!
Illa tamen si quis secum imperfecta necati
Consilia, inceptosque ausus, et vota revolvit
Irrita, confusâ divinus nascitur ordo

Congerie, rerumque ingens apparet imago.
Ceu qui per fractas turres et nuda vagatus
Atria, queis pendent opera interrupta, nec auctor
Jam formam dedit, et murmur fabrile quievit,
Ast animo, quæ summa ædi fastigia, adumbrat:
Surgere tum paries, truncâque crepidine nasci
Longa columnarum series laqueataque tecta,
Donec tota adeo, et saxo perfecta nitenti
Stet domus, et solidis affectet turribus auras.

Et cum bella novâ mox crudescentia cæde
Vexarint orbem, littusque aspexerit Actî
Inter se infensos iterum concurrere cives,
Alter opus Julî excipiens, dimissaque cœpta
Tardius imperium condet, quod avunculus olim
Præcipit, elusosque trahet sub flagra Quirites.
At non Augusto subiti secura tumultus
Vis animi, majorque metu, quæ non sua temnat
Præsidia armorum, plebi confisa togatæ.
Fraudibus ille quidem legiones, fraudibus omnem
Ambibit Romam, dum libertatis inanes
Umbras imperio, et titulos prætendit avorum.
Scilicet et siccâ tutus sic morte peribit
Compos et incepti;—sed non generosa nepotum
Pectora felicis victrix prudentia tanget.—
Hunc cives desideriis, hunc sera sacrabit
Fama magis, propriâ qui præ virtute valebat
Per pacem per bella idem sine fraude potiri
Majestate Urbis, nec dissimulare potitus.

MARTIAL.

(EP. X. XXX.)

O balmy clime of Formiæ's shore,
Thy sweet retreat, all else before,
Apollinaris loves, when down
He hurries from the unresting Town.
Not Tibur sweet, his wife's blest home,
Not Algidus, or Tusculum,
Præneste, or the Antian shrine
Can win him back with charms like thine.
Gaieta, tomb of Dardan dame,
And Circe's cape, bewitching name,
Delight no more, nor that bright wood
Marica hangs o'er Liris' flood,
Or where the nymph Salmace laves
Her mineral in the Lucrine waves.
Here, only here, each gentle breeze
Just stirs the mirror of the seas,
And the gay gondola may ride
Upon this calmly-heaving tide
Before a wind no ruder than
The waving of a purple fan,
In summer, when to lady fair
Comes the cool rush of wholesome air.
Nor on the distant deep your line
Need seek for treasures of the brine;
Just from your couch the bait you throw,
And see the fish bite far below.
But if King Æolus hold reign
Upon old Nereus' watery plain,
The board all tempests can deride
Piled with the store itself supplied.

So the two brothers and their murdered man
  Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straightened banks, and still doth fan
  Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
  The brothers' faces in the ford did seem ;
Lorenzo's flush with love. They passed the water
  Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

* * * * * *

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
  Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
  In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor girl ! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
  And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed band ;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
  And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

At juvene abrepto fratrum par triste citatis
Ibat equis, nec, pulchra, tuos, Florentia, muros
Devertunt, nec parta quies prius ulla viarum,
Quam veniunt, ubi ripa tenet jam tenuior Arnum
Cum strepitu, lenem flabris et arundine quassâ,
Et lupus adverso subigit sese obvius amni.
Pallida lucebant fluvio gemina ora virorum,
At juveni flagrare genæ, roseosque colores
Fudit Amor. Vada jamque ambo trajecta relinquunt,
Et subeunt tacitam, cædi loca commoda, silvam.

Jamque dolis mæstæ referebant falsa sorori
Nuntia ;—longinquam juvenem telluris in oram
Conscendisse ratem, magnumque facessere munus
Spectatâ dignum virtute, nec infida corda
Quod caperent ;—tales illi malè fingere causas.
  Quin luctu caput involvas, quin indue sordes ;
Jam vidua es, miseranda nurus ! quas Spes tibi nectit
Rumpe moras ; non hora virum quæ præterit istum,
Crastina non referet : luctum neque tertia solvet.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
  But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
  Which saves a sick man from the feathered pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance
  Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
  Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

KEATS.

Scilicet illa sui vitam malè nescia damni
Linquebat;—jamque exanimem sævissima tenent
Nuntia, et infando conturbant omine mentem:
Qualia depositus morbo si forte Lyæi
Pocula combiberit, furiisque refectus anhelis
Distulerit paullo exsequias, plumasque sepulchri
Funereas; qualisve Indum jam nubila somnis
Atria captantem cœli fera cuspide fixâ
Hasta ciet: tum visa iterum corda ebria flammam
Concipere, et vigiles morderier igne medullæ.

By the wee birchen corries lie patches of green,
Where gardens and bareheaded bairnies have been,
But the huts now are rickles of stones nettle-grown,
And the once human homes, even their names are unknown.

But the names that this side the Atlantic have perished,
'Mid far western forests still dearly are cherished,
There men talk of each spot, on the hills that surround
Their long vanished dwellings, as paradise ground.

Not a pass in these hills, not a cairn, not a corrie,
But lives by the log-fire in legend and story;
And darkly the cloud on their countenance gathers,
As they think on the desolate homes of their fathers.

O hearts, to the hills of old memory true,
In the land of your love there are mourners for you,
As they wander by peopleless lochside and glen,
Where the red deer are feeding o'er homesteads of men.

En! cæspes passim propter coryleta virescit:
  Hortus ibi et suboles nuda fuere domûs:
At loliis obducta jacent jam saxa magalis,
  Nominaque afflictos destituere Lares.

Illa tamen, trans oceanum quæ nostra relegat
  Ora, peregrinum fovit amata nemus;
Dís æquant ibi laude locos montesque coloni,
  Qui cingunt stratas, sancta corona, casas.

Illi, ignem ad serum, saltus, faucesque jugorum,
  Si qua latet vallis, si qua sacella, canunt:
Ast ora in medio jam nubila carmine rapti
  Nominis et vacuæ miscuit ira domûs.

Attamen, o! fido patriam sub corde colentes,
  Prosequitur vestri vos quoque civis amor,
Qui fleat et valles perque invia littora damis
  Pabula montivagis tecta jacere virûm.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
    Like thy own solemn springs,
    Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
    With brede ethereal wove,
    O'erhang his wavy bed,

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
    Or where the beetle winds
    His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
    Now teach me, maid composed,
    To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
    As musing slow I hail
    Thy genial loved return.

O blandiatur si tibi rustica
Avena, Virgo, si det arundine
  Pastor verecundas ad aures
    Quod placeat tibi, Diva, carmen :

Ceu prima sancto flat tua vespere
Aura, et caduco spirat anhelitu !—
  Jam fine tenduntur diei
    Auricomo sua vela Phœbo,

Et lucidis prætexta coloribus
Condunt aquoso vellera nubium
  Lecto cubantem : jam silescit
    Aura polo, nisi verber alæ

Implume lippum vesperis alitem
Fractis strepentem fert ululatibus,
  Parvo vel importuna cantu
    Cantharis insonuit, per umbras

Utcunque raucis subsiluit viæ
Delira bombis ;—Diva silentia
  O ! sera servans, carmen horâ
    Lenius in placidâ doceto,

Quo non inepto munere personem
Valles malignâ luce tenebricas,
  Et solus incedens reversam
    Teque, Bona, et tua dona laudem.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
    The fragrant Hours, and Elves
    Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
    The pensive Pleasures sweet
    Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
    Whose walls more awful nod
    By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
    That, from the mountain side
    Views wilds and swelling floods,

Cui stella quando pallidulo semel
Orbe enitescens clausit ovilia,
Tum surgit experrecta florum
En ! thalamis Lemurum caterva,

Horæque suaves, plurimâque amnium
Quæ vinxit ulvis flumineis dea
Crines, et exustum benigno
Rore levat, scatebrisque campum :

Gensque ante cunctas grata, Cupidines,
Cordis quieti deliciæ, tibi
Junxere sub noctem volucres,
Dulce ministerium, quadrigas.

Tum per genistas, per juga montium
Longe facessam vasta situ viam,
Aut inde per solos priorum
Deveniam monimenta saltus,

Queis grandiori numine parietum,
Ut tacta sanctis tum facibus tuis,
Fragmenta nutent : seu, volenti
Ire foras, violentus imbre

Geluve ventus continuit pedes,
Tum me sub arctæ præsidio casæ,
De monte convalles, et agri
Undique diluvio natantes,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
    Thy dewy fingers draw
    The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
    While Summer loves to sport
    Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
    Affrights thy shrinking train
    And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
    Thy gentlest influence own
    And love thy favourite name!

W. COLLINS.

Et tecta vicorum hispida, et ædium
Tenui juvabunt luce cacumina,
  Et quæ per intervalla clangunt
    Æra procul: tenebrasque ab alto

Trahente lento, roscida, te sinu,
Obducta seris cuncta crepusculis:
  O more solenni refusum
    Ver quoties tibi, Diva, largis

Crines odoros proluit imbribus,
Vel gaudet Æstas serius ad tuam
  Lusisse lucem; vel ruinâ
    Decolor in gremium cubantis

Autumnus altas cogit agens comas,
Vel sæva amictus scindit Hyems tuos
  Stridens per aurarum tumultum,
    Et socium tibi terret agmen,

Tum regna nunquam non patiens tua
Mens delicatas finget imagines,
  Tum rursus ad gratum recurrent
    Numen Amicitiæ: nec ore

Te Pax amœno, nec Sapientia
Spernent euntem, quove libentius,
  Dilecta, consuescis vocari,
    Nomine te dominam silebunt.

As generations come and go,
Their art, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.

Natis perenni flumine seculis
Nascuntur artes, nascitur et suus
        Mos cuique; sed fluctus resorbens
            Cum populis tulit omne raptis.

Quin, quæ potentes eruerit domos,
Fortuna casu debilis invicem
        Labetur alterno, manusque
            Ipsa dabit: casa parva servat,

Quas illa avorum conscia ditium
Custodiebant atria imagines;
        Nec signa jam restant superbæ
            Ulla domûs, nisi fraude turpi

Erepta: cursum scilicet et quibus
Olim locorum dura negaverit
        Natura, conscendunt carinæ
            Ecce! vias, hominum fabrilem

Stratas per artem: velificantium
Splendent remotis carbasa vallibus
        Insueta, qua quærunt voluti
            Ulterius maris æquor amnes.

Lo ! busy towns spring up on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach.
Will vanish the last Highland broach.

En! ora terræ, quam tenues modo
Larvæ colebant, latius oppidis
    Prætexta fervet; mox videmus
      Cedere deliciis recentis;

Horæ, supremum quicquid amabile
Scotis manebat: sola velut polo,
    Lucis sub adventum propinquæ,
      Stella, fugam meditata, languet.

Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
Within my heart I picture them, and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face—
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—
I hear thy voice, so musical and mild,
The patient sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glorious visions of the past.
But I will calmly hand me to my doom,
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And heaven itself be opened up at last
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.

Ἀρ' ἡλίου γῆν βάλλεται φάος, τέκνον;
καὶ γὰρ δι' ἁβραῖς ᾄσσεται μεταρσία
κόμη, σάφ' οἶδ', αὔραισιν· αἴθερας τ' ἀπὸ
ὀδμὴ μ' ὑπῆλθε, φύλλα τ' ἄγχι πάλλεται·
ὧν ἐν φρενῶν δέλτοισιν εἰκάσας γραφήν,
οὐ νῦν γ' ἀφεγγῶν ὀμμάτων τητώμενος,
οὔδ' ὢν γεραιός, οὔδ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις δοκῶ
ἐχθρός· τοιαύτην ἡδονὴν ἔχω κλυών·
καίτοι με δεινὸς οὐρανοῦ καὶ γῆς πάλιν
πόθος δέδυκεν ἐσδρακεῖν φαιδρὰν χάριν,
καλὸν θ' ἁπάντων, ὥσπερ ἐμψύχου, δέμας·
τῆς σῆς δ' ἔρως μάλιστα μ' ὄψεως ἔχει,
ὦ πόλλ' ἐπάρκων, πολλά μοι μόχθων, τέκνον.
καὶ δὴ περιπτυχαῖσιν ὠλένων σέθεν
συνοῖδ' ἐχόμενος, τήν τε σὴν φώνην κλύω,
ἥτις λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἡσυχῇ λόγοις
τυφλῷ γέροντι πάντ' ἐσήμαινέν ποτε,
ἐμοῦ τ' ἔθελγεν μόχθον αἰανῆ βίου,
τήνδ' εἰσαγείρουσ' οἰκίαν μικρὰν ἔσω
φαιδρῶπ' ἀνάκτων τῶν πάλαι φαντάσματα·
ἐγὼ δ', ἐλεύσεται γὰρ ἀρτίως, μόρον
ἐνταῦθ' ἕκηλος τὸν πεπρωμένον μενῶ·
καὶ τάσδ' ἔπειτα ῥεύσεται κόρας ἐπὶ
τριπλοῦν ὑποῤῥαγέντος οὐρανοῦ φάος,
ἀνθ' ὧν τὰ τῶν ἄνωθεν ἐξερεῖν ἔτλην.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FOURTH ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

(296—520.)

But Dido heard the whisper, ere they move,—
Ah! who may hope to dull the ear of love?—
She knew the sure calm days were passing by,
And now the mischief Rumour swells the cry
Of navies rigged, and crews prepared to fly.
Forth through the city she is raving now,
Pain at her heart, and fever on her brow,
As the wild Thyiad whom Iacchus' cry
And issuing dance encite to ecstacy,
When orgies end the long triennial round,
And midnight chantings from Cithæron sound.

Then seeking out Æneas, she began:—
'And did'st thou hope to hide it, treach'rous man?
'Did'st hope to hide a deed like this from light,
'And from my shores in silence steal thy flight?
'Is our love nothing, and thy plighted faith,
'And Dido dying an untimely death?

'And dost thou launch with wintry stars on high
'To cross the seas where Aquilo sweeps by?
'Hard man! if those thou seekest were thine own,
'Not alien lands and settlements unknown,
'And Ilium stood, for Ilium were it well
'To trust a navy to yon ocean swell.
''Tis me thou flyest! By these tears that flow,
'By thine own troth,—no more is left me now—
'Oh! by that primal hour that made us one,
'By all our marriage rites but now begun,
'By all thou ow'st me, all my love has been,
'Pity the downfall of a ruined Queen,
'And turn thee from thy purpose! 'Tis for thee
'Tyrians estranged and Libyan hate I see,
'And ah! sole passport to the realms above,
'The name once mine is bartered for thy love!
'Friend, in whose halls must I be left to pine?
'(Friend is the name, though husband once was thine)
'Am I to wait till fierce Pygmalion comes
'To wreak a brother's vengeance on these homes,
'Or the black Moor whom once I scorned to wed,
'Iarbas, lead me to a captive's bed?
'Oh! had I from thee, ere thou fled'st the place,
'Clasped to a mother's breast one darling face,
'One small Æneas in my halls at play,
'To look like thee, though thou art far away,
'Captivities' dishonour had been less,
'Nor all unsoothed my widow'd loneliness.'

She finished. He, Jove's mandates to obey,
Fixed on the ground his calm unwandering eye:
The struggling care that on his heartstrings broke
He smothered there, and thus in brief he spoke:—
'Never, my Queen, shall aught forgotten be
'Of that uncounted debt I owe to thee,
'Never but sweet shall be Eliza's name,
'While sense and breath shall animate this frame.
'Brief will I plead. Imagine not that I
'Hoped to steal hence in coward secrecy.'
'Thee with the marriage torch I never lured,
'Nor signed such contracts with my plighted word.
'If Fate had given me to repose my life
'E'en where I would, and end this weary strife,
'The smoking ruins of my own dear Troy
'To raise, to cherish, were my lasting joy;
'Priam's high halls in ancient state should stand,
'And a new Fortress guard the vanquished land.
'Not such Heaven's will: Italia was the name,
'When from the Grynian god that mandate came,
'The Lycian oracles Italia sing:
'She is my love, my home from wandering.
'The towers of Carthage and a Libyan hearth
'Thou lov'st to keep, yet Tyrians gave thee birth;
'And shall not Teucer's son at freedom fly
'To seek new homes beneath Ausonia's sky.
'Me too a father's form, what time the night
'Spreads the dank shades, and stars rise fiery bright,

'In dreams oft warns me; oft the troubled look
'Of that pale spectre seems to speak rebuke.
'And can I young Ascanius long detain
'From that great kingdom which the Fates ordain?
''Twas e'en but now from Jove came flying down,—
'By thy dear life I swear it, and mine own,—
'Heaven's message-bearer—through the walls he trod
'Bright in the beaming halo of a god,
'And these ears drank his accents. Wish not so
'To rouse both thee and me to useless woe:
'By other will than mine to Italy I go.'

His pleading ended there, but long before
Her silent eyes, quick-moving, swept him o'er;
And now on him whom she had loved so late,
Turning, she spoke the burning words of hate:—
'No goddess woman was true dam of thine,
'No Dardanus the author of thy line;
'On flints of Caucasus thy cradle stood,
'And dug of Hyrcan tigress gave thee food!—
'Yes; for 'tis folly longer to refrain!
'Can darker villany than this remain?
'Did all my sobs call forth one pitying sigh,
'Or wring one tender teardrop from his eye?
'And what shall indignation first record?
'Now Heaven's great Mistress and Saturnian Lord,
'Look down on Right no longer: Faith is gone;—
'Shipwrecked I took him, placed him on my throne,

'Madwoman that I was—from ocean's grave
'His shipmates rescued, kindliest shelter gave—
'Ah me! what fiery frenzy bears me on!—
'Now Lycian oracles, now Jove's own son
'Apollo speaks—descending from the skies,
'Heaven's message-bearer to the rescue flies,
'And bears the startling mandate—such low care,
'Such labours vex those quiet Lords of air:—
'I combat not thy words, nor thee detain;
'Go, seek a kingdom o'er yon billowy main,
'Let the winds find thee Italy! Yet then,
'If Mercy can avenge the crimes of men,
'While rocks and mountain breakers round thee roar,
'The name of Dido oft shalt thou implore:
'I shall be near thee in dark smouldering fires,
'And when my Spirit in cold Death expires,
'My shadowy Form shall never leave thy track:
'Then, perjured Trojan, shalt thou pay me back;
'And, as I listen far below, shall come
'To the great Dead the message of thy doom!'
Abrupt she ends, and flying from the day,
She leaves him there, nor lists what he may say,
But faint with force of passion, tears herself away.
Her maidens bear her swooning as she goes
Back to her marble chamber for repose.

Deep groans the good Æneas, and for love
The firm foundations of his purpose move;

And sore he yearns to follow, and console
With kindly words the anguish of her soul;
Yet to the fleet they launch upon the strand
He goes, unswerving to the God's command.
Then zeal was doubled in the Teucrian crew,
Then down the beach their towering ships they drew;
The pitch'd keels swam: from forest depths they bore
The foliaged timber for the unhewn oar,
All eager to be sailing. From the town
Pours the whole tide of emigration down.
As when ants spoil a mighty pile of grain,
Their swarming armies blacken on the plain,
Ere winter come: some shoulder on the load
Of each huge grain along the narrow road;
Some urge the straggling troops that move too slow,
And the whole path with bustle is aglow.

From her high turret Dido viewed the scene;
Ah! then what pangs were thine, unhappy Queen?
What groanings thine when ocean and long shore
Stir, as thou look'st, and send the mingled roar.
Ah! Love, thou mocking fiend! thy magic arts
Stir to strange deeds the pulse of mortal hearts!
To tears again, to try how prayers may move,
She turns; and Anger must succumb to Love,
Lest she should die the death she must in vain,
While hope still lives, and aught untried remain.

'Anna! thou see'st their crowds upon the seas,
'The sterns are wreathed, the canvas calls the breeze.
'Sore is this pang, yet I foresaw the blow,
'And to the issue can endure it now.
'Yet, sister, grant me this: to thee alone
'The inmost thoughts of that false Man are known;
'The quiet paths that steal upon his mind,
'And all his yielding moments, thou canst find.
'Go, sister, and the foeman meekly tell,
'I ne'er sent ships 'gainst Troy's high citadel;
'Death to the race of Troy I never swore,
'With banded Danaï on the Aulis shore;
'His father's bones I never bore away,
'That he should thus be deaf to all I pray.
'Where flies he? Let him wait—'tis love's last prayer,—
'Till flight is easy, and the winds are fair.
'I ask not now the wedlock I have lost,
'Or that he stay from his fair Latian coast,
'And lose his destined kingdom: my behest
'Is but one span of respite and of rest,
'Till Fortune, mistress o'er my vanquished will,
'Shall teach me too to suffer and be still.
'Pity thy sister, grant the boon I ask;—
'And Death shall pay thee double for the task.'

Such was her prayer, pathetic with her tears,
And such her sister, oft returning, bears.

But prayers are powerless, tears too soft to move
The ear now deafened to the voice of love
By Fate's resisting purpose. As the oak,
Which gales all buffet, grasps its Alpine rock,
And, hale with timber of a thousand springs,
Its quivering stem the rustling leaflets flings,
Deep carpeting the ground ; as high in air
It mounts above, as low 'tis rooted there ;
So the firm Hero felt in every part
Their prayers incessant vibrate to his heart ;
But, though perforce the idle teardrops roll,
No words unfix the purpose of his soul.

And now the Queen, by fates resistless driven,
Calls loud on Death, and loathes the vault of heaven:
Now, too, sad call to quit the shining skies,
A direful sight defiles her sacrifice,
And incensed shrines, where wine was poured before,
Stream with the blackening flow of foulest gore.
And yet such portent of her coming death
To none, not e'en to Anna, does she breathe.
Lo! where the Chapel to her lord of old
Within her palace stands, of marble mould,
Dressed in white coronals and festal sprays,
And all the honours that Affection pays,
She hears the accents of the sainted Dead
Call, when the darksome Night is overhead ;
And the lone owl that oft on towers complains,

In wailing ends its melancholy strains.
And well she minds the words of saintly men,
Spoken long since, though never feared till then.
Distracted, in a wild career she seems
To fly the fierce Æneas in her dreams,
Or journeying far, companionless and slow,
Seeking her Tyrians through waste lands to go;
As in the mimic show mad Pentheus sees
The vengeful armies of the Eumenides,
And Thebes shows double to his swimming gaze,
And double suns with double lustre blaze;
Or when the mother's torch and serpents black
Fast o'er the stage pursue Orestes' track,
He views, as safe he mounts the Pythian stair,
The ministers of vengeance crouching there.

Then, when the victim of love's agony
Conceives that frenzy, and decrees to die,
She clokes with deep dissimulating smile
The time and method she has planned the while:
Hope, bright and calm, upon her brow she wears,
And speaking, thus accosts her sister's fears:—

''Tis found! the charm this anguish to destroy,—
'Come, greet thy sister with a sister's joy,—
'The charm to bring him to my side again,
'Or ever free me from my lovesick pain.
'By setting Suns and Ocean's verge there lie
'Far Ethiop lands, where all the star-set sky

'Turns on vast Atlas' shoulders: in those glades,
'Guarding the precinct of the Evening Maids,
'A priestess of Massylia, found by me,
'Has kept the fruit upon its sacred tree,
'And o'er the Dragon's banquet daily spread
'The slumb'rous poppy seed, and honeyed mead.
'Hers is the power in these to ease the heart,
'On those to fix the agonizing smart;
'To stay the rushing of a torrent's wrath,
'Or turn a planet backward on its path.
'Forth at her chant the midnight Manes troop,
'Down from the mountain tops the ashes stoop,
'And loud the earth moans under;—not that I
'Would fain have armed me with this sorcery—
'I swear it, sister, by thine own dear love,
'Swear it by all the powers that move above!
'But thou must rear within my unroofed hall
'The pyre that fits a secret funeral;
'Bring from that chamber whence the false one fled
'The marriage couch where Modesty lies dead,
'Garments and armour too: she bids the flame
'Take all of him I never more must name.'

She spoke, and silence leaves her features pale.
Yet Anna bodes no mischief from her tale:
In such new rites of love she cannot find
All the mad cunning of her sister's mind,
But hurries to her task;—no more to fear
Than when she mourned o'er dead Sychæus' bier.

The Queen within, where, towering to the sky,
With pine and oak the pyre is raised on high,
O'er her court walls the darkling garlands weaves,
And decks her death-bed with funereal leaves;
Then, mindful of the issue, throws above
The sword, the garb, the image of her love.
Ranged are the altars, and the priestess there,
With locks dishevelled, peals the midnight prayer,
Calling on thrice a hundred names of fear,
On darkest Erebus, and Chaos drear,
And virgin Hecate's nocturnal aid,
Three-figured Dian, triple-featured maid;
While round about the watery charm she flings,
That mocks the spray of deep Avernus' springs.
For her dark spells the downy herb is found
Cropp'd with brass falchion when the moon is round,
Juice of black poison, and from foal new-born
The forehead spot his mother has not torn.

There too the Queen, with soft unsandelled tread,
And hands that wave the consecrated bread,
Along the altars' row ungirdled goes,
And calls the gods who can attest her woes,
Calls on the stars that far in ether glide,
The calm spectators of her suicide,
And that great Justice watching from above
The unequal bond of unrequited love.

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